26

Week ending May 2 1959

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INCORPORATING

Everybody's Weekly

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Sales Representative's experience with BP Energol 'Visco-static'—the oil that's proved to give 80% less engine wear

ASK MR. J. E. PIPER of Felixstowe what difference BP 'Visco-static' means to motoring. He knows the answer. He started running his 1955 Ford Consul on BP 'Visco-static' and used it ever since for 105,806 miles. At the end of this time the engine was opened up and found to be in tip-top condition. It didn't need reboring, it didn't even need decarbonising. And that after 105,806 miles!

Examined by independent consultants

During the whole of this huge mileage the engine head was never once removed. The only work needed was the replacement of a timing chain at 65,000 miles.

When Mr. J. E. Piper informed BP of this remarkable trouble-free mileage they arranged for the engine to be opened up and examined by a firm of independent consulting engineers – A. Warren Lambert & Co., 181 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4. The man who actually did the job is a former Chief Engineer of the A.A.

This was done at Foxhall Garage, Nacton, Ipswich and exact measurements were made of all wearing surfaces. These figures were supplied in a complete report issued by the independent experts.

Amazingly little wear

On examination the experts found that the engine was in first-class condition. Wear was so low that no attention was needed. Maximum wear in any cylinder bore did not exceed 1.2 thousandths of an inch. There was no need to rebore, no immediate need even to give a top overhaul. All valves except one were seating well and did not need grinding-in. The cylinder head could have been refitted and the engine run for many more tens of thousands of miles!

Experts take micrometer readings on the cylinder bore of Mr. Piper's engine after 105,806 miles. So little wear was recorded that not even new rings were necessary.

Bearings first-class

It was not only cylinder wear that was wonderfully low. Main bearings, big ends, crankshaft were so little worn they needed no attention. The same was true of camshaft and tappets. There was remarkably little carbon. This and the low wear confirmed that oil consumption throughout the 105,806 miles remained moderate.

Proved on radio-active wear detector

The saving in wear with BP 'Visco-static' is so great that a car engine has to complete very big mileages indeed before any measurement of wear can be made by normal micrometer means. But BP 'Visco-static' was tested and proved to give 80% less cylinder wear before the oil was put on the market. This was done by using the wonderful new radio-active wear detector.

This is Mr. J. E. Piper's Ford Consul with 105,806 miles on the clock. And the engine was still in tip-top condition. Mr. Piper had used BP 'Visco-static' during the whole of this huge mileage.

A copy of the complete test report on the Ford Consul can be obtained from your BP garage.

BP

* 'VISCO-STATIC' IS A TRADE-MARK OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED

JOHN BULL
and
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The Cover

FORWARD, out, back . . . glug! Britannia never ruled the waves like this. Here's a floating non-voter who'd give all seven seas to stand up for herself. Never mind, there'll be a shilling prize if she's making her own way by tea-time. Mother—guide, philosopher and sole means of support—knows that even a Channel champion makes a nodding acquaintance with the wrong side of the surface at first. "This" says artist Fancett, " comes of trying to paddle in the baths, at the deep end "

Free Speech

JOHN BULL and EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature, "We Advise."

Bedlam Abroad

JUST what do some of the children taken on school trips abroad get out of the experience? Having just returned from an overseas holiday, I can't help wondering if the benefits justify the discomfort and annoyance caused to other travellers.

Many of the younger ones seem quite oblivious of their surroundings. They might just as well be in Bournemouth or Blackpool.

When you've spent fifteen hours on a train with noisy, unruly girls who persist in giggling and squealing all night, and been jostled, bumped and trodden on by boys, it seems that there should be higher dividends.

I'm full of admiration for those who take parties abroad, but couldn't they take the cane along, too? Or are we to earn the title of having "the worst behaved children in the world"?—SHEILA C. REID, Castle Grove, Newbury, Berks.

Two Talk

For years teachers have been advised to make children bilingual, that is, able to speak both dialect and "received pronunciation" (Gilbert Harding, April 11).

In the *Handbook Of Suggestions For Teachers* they are urged not to extirpate "a genuine local dialect."

It is unfortunate that accents (as opposed to dialects) from the south are preferred when choosing army officers and executives for industry, and when filling colonial and diplomatic posts.

Many observers, such as T. H. Pear, feel that, generally, northerners get on better with people from Commonwealth countries, where southern middle-class and upper-class accents, with their "associated repertoire of politely offensive phrases" are not much liked.—W. J. MULGREW, Dunedin Road, Great Barr, Birmingham.

. . . Your accent will hold you back? Gilbert Harding's article could just as well have been entitled: "Your Accent Can Help You On."

Last year, my brother-in-law visited a New York skin specialist who had kept his Scottish accent. "It's worth thousands o' dollars a year to me," he said. "People associate a Scots accent with medical skill, value for money and sound common sense."—MRS. B. C. MIDDERIGH, Beechwood Avenue, Brighton.

Snappy Numbers

What do the numbers given to photographic roll-films stand for?

There are 120 films, 620 and 127, but I cannot find out why these particular numbers are used.—DENNIS YOUNG, Old Laira Road, Laira, Plymouth.

"They don't mean a thing," says a manufacturer. "When roll-films first came out, in the early nineteen-hundreds, each firm used its own reference numbers, but many—even abroad—have now adopted the code originated by Kodak: a number with 20 in it means that the film is two and a quarter inches wide; 27, one and five-eighths inches. There's no system: the old 122 was bigger, not smaller, than a 120."

The Scribblers

A recent handwriting survey, in which nearly 30,000 specimens were collected, revealed the following percentages of illegible writers: Doctors and nurses, three and a half, schoolteachers five, scientists and research workers twenty-two per cent.

The results also showed that the most legible handwriters were

secretaries and shorthand typists. Housewives showed up well in the survey. — I. M. JONES, Belmont Road, Bangor.

"People such as doctors, scientists and schoolteachers, who need to translate their thoughts on to paper quickly, hurry their writing and so spoil it," says a graphologist.

"Many women, such as housewives, can take more care. Their writing often keeps its original schoolgirl style, which is more legible."

Travelling Player

The playwright with the pillionless motor-cycle ("Mrs. Look-Back-In-Anger," JOHN BULL, April 11) is John Howarth. On tour with him last year, I and the rest of the cast were constantly amused or alarmed at his exploits on it.

As far as I know he has had only two accidents on it, one of which fractured his kneecap. He played Henry VII with his knee in plaster.—BRYAN MOSLEY, Marshall Terrace, Crossgates, Leeds, 15.

Tram Song

Reading about the singing drivers on Glasgow's Underground ("Free Speech," April 11) reminded me of my holiday in Yugoslavia last year.

We were returning by tram from the beach at Lapad when suddenly the driver began to sing. He was joined first by a woman soprano, then by the conductor, and eventually by most of the passengers, singing a lovely Yugoslav ballad beautifully and unselfconsciously.

Not one of them seemed to regard the spectacle of a ramshackle, crowded tram clattering along in the heat of noon with a load of singing passengers as in any way unusual.

Perhaps in this more sober land we have to be driven underground before bursting into song.—MISS B. BURTON, School Lane, Stannington, Sheffield.

Bad Company

My brother was recently given eighteen months' imprisonment for negligence in a motor accident. The elderly woman whom he knocked down was quite seriously injured.

At twenty-five he is, to all appearances, adult, but he really belongs to the large, unfortunate and misunderstood group who fail to emerge from stresses and strains and hereditary shortcomings as balanced people.

I don't seek to excuse him, but I was distressed to learn that he is now among cheque forgers and thieves. The thief, murderer and even the unfortunate sex maniac all have their stories—but wouldn't it be better for civil offenders to be detained separately? Surely more good would come of putting motorists to work in hospitals among the results of their negligence than exposing them to the possibility of bad influences.

In the case of my brother, whose rebel-without-a-cause type of immaturity has landed him where he is, it could prove disastrous.—N. D., London, N.W.3.

Blanket Bath

Mrs. J. Uphill's letter about the "fresh-air" smell of linen dried in the open air reminded me that all the winter we had fragrantly smelling bedrooms.

I ensured this last summer when, while washing my blankets, I dissolved a perfumed bath cube in the last rinsing water I used for each one. The fragrance has remained despite months of disturbance due to bed-making.—MRS. V. LATHAM, Queen's Road, London, S.W.19.

Name, Please

When complaining in shops I think it is best not to give in easily, like Mrs. Preston ("Free Speech," April 11), but to persevere politely, but firmly, asking to see the next

higher in authority each time you are put off by an assistant, a buyer or a manager.

Asking for, and making a note of, the name of each person dealt with has a most remarkable effect, too.

In my experience, and that of friends, perseverance has always been well rewarded and satisfaction achieved.—W. O., Liverpool.

Smashing Bottles

I have often wondered why polythene milk bottles are not manufactured. Surely breakages would be cut to nearly nothing and they could be used over and over again. As far as I can see they would have only one disadvantage—you wouldn't hear the milkman coming.—R. DOMIN, Cowan Street, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

"There are two other big objections," says a dairy research worker. "It would be difficult to keep pliable polythene bottles steady in the washing machines. Also, during use, polythene bottles would easily get scratched and become unattractive.

"The glass bottle—which costs about fourpence and lasts, on average, sixty-four deliveries, is cheap and, so far, the best all-round container."

Pins And Needles

Your interesting book extract, "I Learned The Secrets Of The Pit Of Fire" (April 4), reminded me of a festival the Indians staged in the

Tell me Doctor!

"Why do you always use Wright's Coal Tar Soap?"

"WELL, you see, Mrs. Smith, I just have to keep my hands soft and sensitive so that I can diagnose troubles and, above all, must keep them hygienic.

There are lots of good soaps, but I believe that Wright's serves these purposes better than any soap I know."

If Wright's Coal Tar Soap does this for Doctors, surely it can do the same for you and your children.

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NAME.....

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.....J.B.

Free Speech

continued from page 3

South African village where I used to live. On the great day all those taking part were blessed and put into a trance by the high priest. One Indian, who seemed to be the principal figure at the festival, was jabbed by the priest with skewers, large needles and pins through his cheeks and tongue. Little brass vases were attached to his body with barbed hooks.

Then the priest picked up what looked like large fish-hooks and jabbed them into the man's back. From these wire led to a small chariot. He was given a pair of nail clogs to walk on, and he then pulled the chariot all the way back to the temple, about half a mile away. Many of the Indians who took part in the festival had skewers pushed into their flesh, but none of them showed any sign of pain.

At the temple, all the skewers were removed—leaving not a trace of any blood.—MISS I. E. SKIDMORE, Gunter Road, Pype Hayes, Erdington, Birmingham, 24.

Callers After Dark

During a recent television broadcast, a woman character was reminiscing about her childhood and the terrible overcrowding in the houses.

One thing she said aroused our curiosity. "And then the night-men would come, and if we were more than three in a bed, Mother would be before the court and be fined five shillings." Who were the night-men? We were very intrigued.—MRS. D. WELLS, Monkmoor Avenue, Shrewsbury.

Night-men were employed by public health authorities to visit private homes after dark and empty cesspools—before there were sewage systems. But they had no legal powers.

Flying Feast

There could be another explanation for the flock of screaming seagulls ("Free Speech," April 11).

I have noticed these birds circling in flocks when ants are making their nuptial flight. The gulls feed on them.

As ants usually take wing on a sultry day in summer, the sight of seagulls soaring like this is to some people a sign of impending thunder.—W. J. NOTT, Lower Terrace, Bickington, Barnstaple, Devon.

Happy News for You!

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VICTOR CANNING

I needed money to marry the girl I loved, and crime was very tempting. Then I found that she was a crook too

THERE wasn't a ripple on the water, a stretch of smooth, black oiled-paper marked here and there with the reflections of a few riding lights. At the end of the causeway the harbour entrance light winked away, and far out you could hear the clumsy thump of oars in rowlocks where some summer visitors were rowing back from the island. They often went out there at night, built a fire, had a picnic and drank too much beer. A woman's laugh came echoing across the darkness.

Harry Trewin, sitting on a bollard alongside me, said: "Sometimes I can't wait for summer to end. This place gets too crowded."

"Good for business," I said. "What I make in the summer keeps me during the winter."

"And that suits you?" He looked down at me with a twisted grin on his broad face as though he'd got a twinge of toothache.

"No," I said. "One day I'll make a killing. Sell the launch, give up trips round the bay and winter fishing. Find myself a nice little cottage miles from anywhere and then I'll settle down. Really settle down and start to write."

Harry shook his head. He was a big, heavy, middle-aged man, a detective-inspector in the city's police force. I liked talking to him because now and then he gave me a tip for a short-story idea. The ideas were all right, but I didn't sell many of the stories.

"This killing you talk about, Tim, is a dream," he was saying now. "You ought to wake up. If you don't, one day you'll be in trouble."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that everyone knows you do a bit of smuggling on the side. Meaning that, although you're an ex-naval type, you sail too close to the wind."

"Is this a warning?" I said.

"No. I'm off duty. This is a friendly chat. You know what category you come in?"

"Another lecture?"

"Why not? I'm in the mood." Harry knocked his pipe out against the bollard and the noise echoed sharply across the water. "Years in my job have taught me that people come in three styles. The crooked ones—they're my bread and butter. The upright ones. No trouble from them. And then the leaning ones—like you, Tim."

"Like the tower of Pisa." I grinned.

"No. That stays leaning. But your kind have to go one way or the other. I like to see 'em pull themselves upright. Not go crooked."

"You've got me worried. . . ."

"I wish I had. But you don't worry enough. Fine naval career, still young, small pension, make it up with this and that, some of it honest and some of it not so honest, and always a dream at the back of things. You've got looks, and a nice, easy manner, but your backbone is wrong. It leans. I wouldn't like our friendship to be spoiled by me having to visit you officially."

"What do you prescribe?"

"Give up waiting for a killing. Cut down your expenses, stick to your room for six months and write that book. Start working now for the thing you want."

"Lecture over?"

"Yes. I'm now going home to a glass of beer and a slice of cold veal and ham pie." He stood up and polished the bowl of his pipe against his nose. "And I know where you're going."

"Don't tell me that's wrong?"

"No. But you'd do better to go back and tap a typewriter."

"Not tonight. I've collected my quota of rejection slips this month."

HARRY shrugged his shoulders and walked off towards the town. A little later I followed him. But I wasn't going home. Home for me was the old naval launch tied up in the fishing basin. I lived on her right through the summer. Took a room in the town during the winter. The price of rooms in summer was too high. However, one day I'd have a place of my own, and peace . . . lots of time and quiet for writing.

I went round to the back of the Icedrome and into the small bar. Through the open door I could see the crowded rink. The loudspeakers were pumping out a waltz so that the whole place trembled.

I ordered myself a whisky and waited for Lena. This had been a ritual for two weeks now, ever since a grey afternoon when she had shown up at the launch, paid her half a crown for a trip, and had been the only passenger.

With anyone else I would have called the trip off. But not with Lena Silvers. She could have had it without paying. Blonde, everything in the right place, blue eyes, pretty. . . . She was an instructress at the skating rink and when she moved over the ice, short skirts swinging, it was pure ballet and a lump in the throat for me.

She came in now, put her hand through my arm. I ordered her a pineapple juice and gave her a cigarette and as she drew on it she shook her head and then sighed. "Thank heavens it's the weekend. Elephants could be less clumsy than some people. Look. . . ." She stretched out a leg and I could see the mark of a blue bruise just above her instep.

It was a nice leg and after a moment she laughed and said: "Can I put it back now?"

"If you have to," I said, and I decided that I'd duck all customers tomorrow and take her for a trip . . . right out of sight of land, where we could lie and sunbathe and do a little fishing.

When she'd finished her drink, we walked back to her small flat. She did pretty well at the rink and

Without looking at me she asked, "Can you help? My brother's in trouble. He has to get out of the country"

THE

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

LEANING MAN

The leaning man

continued from page 6

high prices didn't worry her. Going up the stairs, I kissed her in the dark. In the flat, she disappeared into the kitchen to make coffee while I slumped on to the divan and thought about her. I'd write a book—I'd got most of it worked out, real hard-bitten stuff—and then we'd make a permanent thing out of it. But at the moment I was keeping all this to myself. Love, I suppose, is a bit like fishing. You need patience and there's no gain in rushing the strike. . . .

She came back with coffee and biscuits. For a while we chatted. When it was about time for me to go, she looked up at me and said, seriously: "Tim, how true are the things I hear about you?"

"What things?"

"Well—you know—I've heard that sometimes you do the run to France. That you don't mind making a quick pound or two, even if. . . ." She broke off and her hand came up and rested on mine.

"Even if it's not strictly honest?"

"Yes."

"It's more or less true. But I've got my limits. Damn it, I don't make enough otherwise. But one day. . . ."

"I know. Your writing. I think you will, too. I'm not blaming you."

"If you tell me to give it up, I will." The words were out before I knew it.

She didn't say anything for a moment. Then in a quiet voice she said: "I'm not asking you to give anything up. I know how things can be. I've been on my own too long not to know."

"Why did you ask then?"

WITHOUT looking at me, she said: "I wonder . . . can you help . . . someone I know. . . ?"

"What someone?"

She looked up at me and shook her head. "No. Not someone like that." Her hand was on mine again. "It's my brother. He's a fool, but not a really wicked person. Just unthinking. He's in trouble. And now he has to get out of the country."

"What's the trouble?" I said.

"I don't know. I can't get it out of him. But I think it's something to do with racing and bookmakers. I imagine he's worked a few big bets by tricky means. You know what these race gangs are like. He feels he ought to get away."

"But, Lena—he could go out on a passport like anyone else."

"I wish he could." She stood up. She smiled down at me and said in a different tone: "Maybe we'd better forget it."

I got to my feet and put my hands on her arms.

"Why should we?" I said. "I'd like to help. But why can't he go out normally?"

She hesitated for a while and then said reluctantly: "I don't like telling you. He's about the only family I've got . . . and he's always been in trouble. You see, Tim—he's been in prison and he's out on probation now and he's not allowed to leave the country."

I smiled. "You'd like him out of the country?"

Lena nodded. "I don't think he'd ever come back," she said. "He'd be able to make a fresh start. If you'd do it, he'd pay you well."

"We can settle that later. Where is he now?"

"London. But I don't know his address. He phones me now and then. I said I'd try to help him. Oh, Tim . . . if you could fix it up."

"Why not? It's not all that difficult. But it's not me he'll have to pay so much. It'll be the skipper of the boat that picks him up out there. . . . It could cost him a couple of hundred quid. Has he got that?"

"I'm sure he has. But are you sure you want to do this?"

I leaned forward and kissed her. As I released her I said: "Now, don't worry. Give me a few days and I'll arrange the whole thing."

The look on her face was reward enough for me. . . .

The next day was Sunday. I didn't take Lena out fishing; I went to Plymouth instead.

I'd just finished shaving when her landlady's son came aboard with a note from Lena asking me to see her as soon as possible. When I got round there, she told me that she'd had a call from her brother that morning. He'd said that things were getting hot for him and he was dead scared of being beaten up. She wanted me to make arrangements as soon as possible. She seemed very nervous, so I promised to go to Plymouth that day and see a friend of mine who would get things working.

Lena insisted on coming to the station with me and disappeared into the bedroom to put on her hat and coat. While she was gone I stood at the window and glanced at the Sunday paper that was on a small table there with a few magazines and books. Under the paper was a rolled-up magazine, still in its postal wrapper. It was the *Skating Times*, or some such professional magazine, and it had been redirected to her from a Plymouth address. I don't suppose I would have paid much attention to her old Plymouth address if it hadn't been for a curious coincidence. Her previous address had been 32 Bellingham Road. And my name was Bellingham. Tim Bellingham.

I WAS going to point it out to her when she came back, but she sailed out of the bedroom with a new hat on that made her look lovelier than ever and saying that we only had bare time to catch the train if she drove like the wind. She drove me to the station in her small car and I made my carriage with exactly three seconds to spare. I spent them giving her a hug and kiss and telling her not to worry.

It was over an hour's run to Plymouth and I had plenty of time to think things out. Mostly I thought about Lena and her brother. He sounded a pretty bad lot. If he had made a killing by cheating the bookies, I saw no reason why he shouldn't at least pay adequately for services rendered. My skipper friend would want two hundred, if not a bit more. For myself, I'd take fifty.

More important, the fact that we now shared something which no one else must know brought us closer together. In fact, sitting in the carriage, I made up my mind that as soon as her brother was away I'd ask her to marry me.

I'd do just the thing old Harry wanted me to do. If she said *Yes*, we'd set the date for a year ahead, and I would get down to things. I'd start writing seriously. Cut out everything. Work each night until it was time to go and meet her. . . .

ALL this, I told myself, was what had been lacking before. I'd got no one to work for. I'd work like a black to make a go of things for Lena's sake. I felt pretty good about the whole thing. A new man was being born.

In Plymouth I found my skipper friend in a bad mood. A roof cistern had overflowed in the night and the water had brought down one of the bedroom ceilings. His wife was giving him hell, because she'd been on at him to fix the cistern for ages, and he was glad to escape to the local with me.

Over a beer or two he mellowed a little, but not much. He wanted two-fifty. I could see that he had his eye on the ceiling repairs. And it couldn't be France. His contacts there were gone—through police interference. But he could manage Spain. Somewhere off San Sebastian.

When it was all fixed up he looked at me glumly and said: "The world's getting too small and too complicated for this kind of thing. Too risky. So far as I'm concerned this is the last."

Well, so far as I was concerned it was too.

"What do you know about this man?" he went on to ask me. "Or for that matter about this girl? Oh, I see you've got an interest there. Sticks out a mile. But what do you know about them? For all you know it could be a put-up job by the police. They descend to that kind of thing now, you know. Crumby, underhand so-and-so's."

"Nothing like that here," I said. "I'm sure of that."

"Sure? How long have you known the girl?"

"Two weeks."

"Two weeks!"

"It's long enough. She's eighteen carat."

He laughed. "I've bought that kind of gold before—eighteen carat when you buy it. Pure brass when you get it home. Still, if you say so. You've never let me down before. Damn that ceiling . . . came down like a wet pudding. Have the other half of that and then I must get back."

I had the other half and then when he had gone I sat there and ordered some sandwiches. My train didn't go until late in the afternoon. I began to think about what he'd said. That it might be a police put-up job. After all, Harry Trewin had given me a warning. Not official. But it might well be his way of being official. Harry was fond of me. Had he been tipping me off? Giving me a last chance? Almost saying openly that they were after me? What did I know about Lena Silvers, really? Nothing, except that I loved her and she was dancing sunlight and waving green grass and that the Mediterranean was never as blue as her eyes. . . .

For a man who wanted to make a living writing crime stories and novels, I thought, I could look pretty silly and land myself in a lot of trouble if I fell for some elementary trick. . . . And the more I told myself not to be so stupid, that Lena was all right, the more I wondered and hated myself for doubting.

In the end the doubts won, and I went to 32 Bellingham Road.

HER name was Mrs. Rogers. A little plump bun-faced woman of about sixty with a soft, warm Devon skin and not a streak of grey in her black hair which was done up like an old-fashioned cottage loaf. She kept rooms. Highly respectable, her lodgers were, bank clerks and local government officials, and she insisted on brewing a pot of tea for me.

I said I was an old friend of Lena's and this was the last address I had. Down from London for a holiday. Mrs. Rogers gave me her present address, and a lot of information. Miss Silvers had left her two months ago; she was a nice girl, quiet, steady, no trouble. Never had anyone who gave less trouble in her front-double. She'd been a skating instructress at the local rink. Kept to herself. No boy friends. She'd been there two years. Before that she thought that she'd had a job abroad. Switzerland, perhaps, as an hotel receptionist.

I asked: "Did her brother ever come and visit her?"

"No. Never heard of her brother, my dear. But if you're going to see her, give her my love."

"I will," I said.

On the journey back I did a lot of thinking.

When I came out of the station I ran into Harry Trewin. He was sitting in his car in the yard and he called me over and offered me a lift back.

"Just been seeing an old friend of mine off," he said. "Where have you been?"

"Plymouth."

He cocked an eye at me as he let in the gear and then said: "What's Plymouth got?"

"Local colour," I said. "I'm thinking of starting that novel. It opens in the aquarium on the Hoe. Nice setting."

Harry nodded and drove carefully out into the traffic and then, not looking at me, he went on: "Could give you a story about Plymouth. You might make something out of it. A book, perhaps."

"Fire away."

"A few months ago there was a cashier of a big department store there. Nice, quiet fellow of about thirty. Roland Miller. Wouldn't say boo to a goose. Good at his job. No friends. No background that we could find. Just one of the anonymous millions. Nothing special about him—until one day he walked off with twenty thousand quid from the kitty. Just walked out and disappeared. Twenty thousand in cash. None of the note numbers known."

"Clever fellow. . . ."

"So far." Harry swore a little under his breath as some young fellows and a girl in a sports car swept out round us

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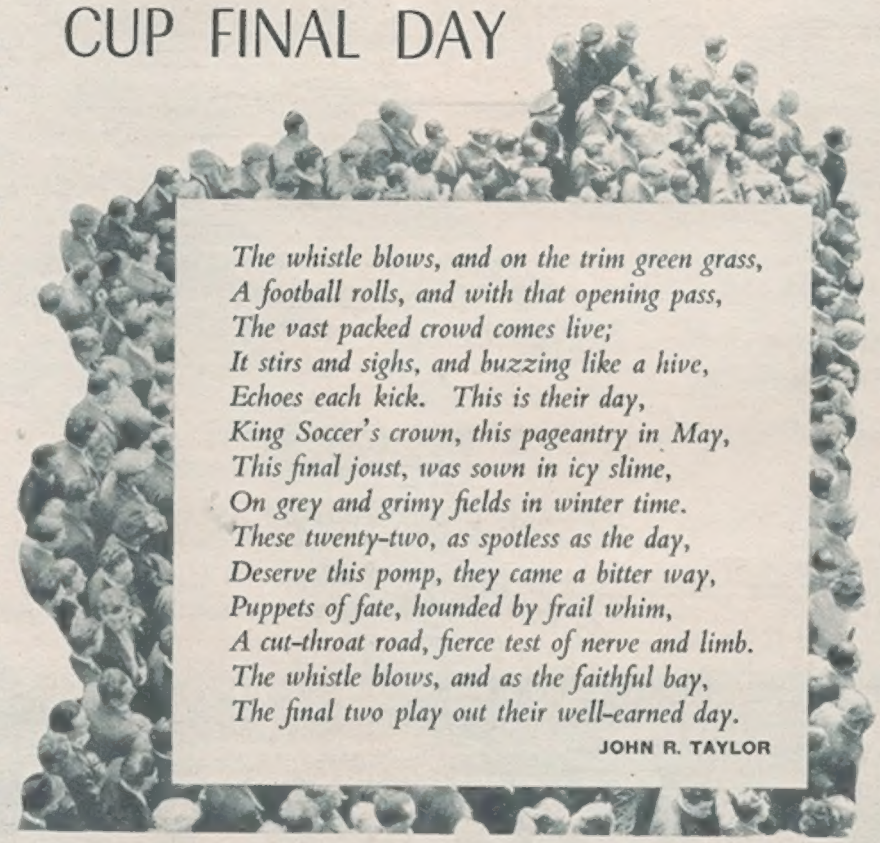
CUP FINAL DAY



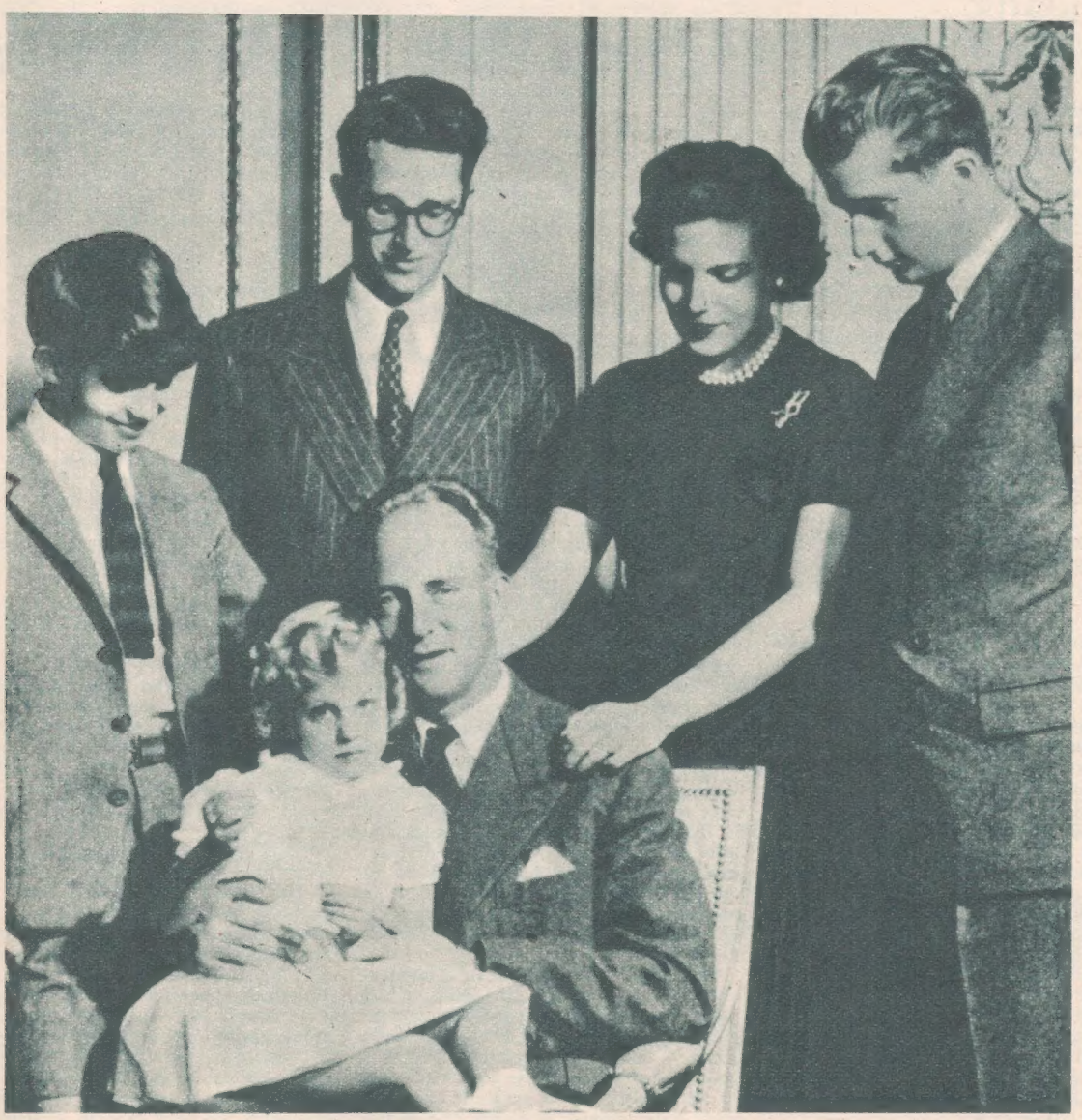
The whistle blows, and on the trim green grass,
A football rolls, and with that opening pass,
The vast packed crowd comes live;
It stirs and sighs, and buzzing like a hive,
Echoes each kick. This is their day,
King Soccer's crown, this pageantry in May,
This final joust, was sown in icy slime,
On grey and grimy fields in winter time.
These twenty-two, as spotless as the day,
Deserve this pomp, they came a bitter way,
Puppets of fate, hounded by frail whim,
A cut-throat road, fierce test of nerve and limb.
The whistle blows, and as the faithful bay,
The final two play out their well-earned day.

JOHN R. TAYLOR

All over Europe, thrones have tumbled; kings and queens wait in lonely exile. This fascinating new book by GEOFFREY BOCCA tells the true stories behind their turbulent lives . . . the drama of excitement, violence, scandal and romance of royalty in retirement

PART · I

LEOPOLD—a king who chose love



Leopold (seated), former King of Belgium, holding his daughter, Marie-Christina. With him are (left to right): Prince Alexandre, Baudouin, the present king, Princess Liliane—whom Leopold married in secret after his country was overrun by Germany—and Prince Albert of Liége

Most men have their destinies chosen for them by events. Had England been occupied in the second World War or had France remained unoccupied, had Germany won the war or Russia lost it, the result would have yielded not only new figures for history but also the same figures in startlingly different rôles. Between the traitor and the hero the difference is often merely one of opportunity.

Leopold of the Belgians is a rare example of a man who, at a critical moment of history, was in a position to choose. His moment was May 28, 1940, when the German Army was overrunning Belgium.

Holland had already fallen, and the British and French allies were being swept aside. Although he was hard-pressed, Leopold, unlike some of his ministers, kept his head and weighed his choice. He could have decided to follow his fellow monarchs, Haakon of Norway and Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, to Britain. Or he could have remained in his own country for so long as he was allowed to survive, as a symbol to his oppressed people.

He chose the latter. It gave cold comfort to his allies, but when the fury and the fighting was over it might have put him on a pedestal with his people. But then he weakened, and married.

The marriage cost him his throne and rocked the Belgian monarchy so hard that it is still shuddering.

Unless one knows what emotions assailed Leopold on that morning in his headquarters, with the Battle of Belgium at its full pitch, speculation about the rights or wrongs of the matter are futile. Leopold has never revealed his thoughts, but the events of his life are such that in retrospect one can see that such a crisis as May 28, 1940, almost had to result in some cataclysmic explosion from an ego and a heart as weary as his.

Leopold was born on November 3, 1901, in Brussels. His father, King Albert I, was the third King of the Belgian dynasty of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. He was a king out of the books of fables, a gigantic, golden-haired god of a man, good looking enough to be called beautiful and utterly without fear.

When Germany invaded Belgium in 1914 Albert established himself at Belgian headquarters. His wife, Queen Elisabeth, escaped to Britain with her children.

Young Leopold, who was titled the Duke of

Leopold and his bride, Princess Astrid, niece of the King of Sweden, returning from their wedding in Stockholm in 1926

The King married again in 1941, this time to Liliane, daughter of a provincial governor. The bride's father, like the people of Belgium, did not approve . . .

The uneasy heads

continued from previous page

Brabant, remained at Eton until 1918, when he went to the Front. He took part in the final offensive and was one of the first soldiers back in liberated Brussels. But he was beaten to it by his father. The screaming, delirious multitudes had eyes and voices only for the king and queen. The prince in his sergeant's uniform was scarcely noticed.

By 1920 Leopold was a tall, exceptionally good-looking young man in his mid-twenties, not without gaiety although his general mien was grave.

At the same time another prince, England's Prince of Wales, seven years older than Leopold, with his shy smile, his excitement at new adventures and experiences, was attracting from the whole world a devotion that has rarely been equalled. The idolatry he attracted was greater than that which was soon to be bestowed on Lindbergh. As for Leopold, handsome though he was, and keen, he came nowhere.

He went off on a tour of the Scandinavian countries, and there met Princess Astrid, the niece of the King of Sweden. Leopold and Astrid were married in Stockholm on November 4, 1926, and Leopold brought his bride with him to Belgium.

They arrived in Antwerp in an all-white yacht, the Flygia, and began their married life living simply in the Pavillon Belle Vue in Brussels and at the Castle of Stuybenberg, near Laeken. The Belgian people were prepared to cheer their new princess, but they were not prepared to have their hearts taken away, which was just what Princess Astrid proceeded to do.

Her personality, her lack of affectation at all times, delighted them. They called her the "Snow Princess" and after Josephine Charlotte was born in October, 1927, she would wheel her baby carriage through the park and gossip with other mothers. On September 7, 1930, she gave birth to a son and heir to the throne, Baudouin, a huge child of 8 lb. 14 oz.

Leopold, once more, appeared to be left behind in the popularity stakes. The affection of the Belgian people seemed to be concentrated entirely on the Swedish princess he had married.

In February, 1934, King Albert, climbing a mountain at Marche-les-Dames, slipped on a rock and fell to his death. Albert was only fifty-eight years old, in excellent health and with many years' reign apparently ahead of him.

On February 23, 1934, Leopold took his oath to the Constitution as Leopold III, inheriting not only a throne but also a tradition of dashing and imaginative monarchy. His three predecessors, Leopold I, Leopold II, and Albert were all men of vision who had built Belgium out of a French province into a country of importance out of all proportion to its size. It was triumphant in war, wealthy, and with a rich empire.

Fatal motor trip

Leopold had been king for a year when Astrid gave birth to her third child, Albert, Prince of Liége. In August, 1935, the royal couple went on a motoring holiday to Switzerland, near Lucerne. Astrid was pregnant for the fourth time.

One day when the sun shone on the mountains, Leopold suggested a drive. He took the wheel and they set out. Shortly before reaching the little town of Kussnacht, Astrid took the road map and asked her husband for a direction.

Leopold then turned to her and, his control momentarily slackened, the car skidded. It ricocheted off a tree, swerved off the road, down a bank and through some rose bushes into the Lac des Quatre-Cantons, where it rested, its nose under water as though it were drinking.

Astrid, her skull fractured, died shortly afterwards.

Leopold was too grief-stricken to notice his own injuries, and numbly allowed the doctors to treat him. It was a horrible, shocking death, and Belgium, deprived after so short a time of its fairy-tale Queen, was stunned into a heart-felt mourning.

Leopold attended the funeral with his arm in a sling and his face strapped. He prepared to shoulder a bitter burden alone.

Three years passed. One day in 1938, Henri Baels, an old friend of the family, was sitting by Leopold's side at the horse-racing at Ostend, and was invited with his wife to tea. Baels was Governor of West Flanders, one of the nine provinces of Belgium.

This was a position of great authority; the nine governors were, in effect, viceroys, the personal representatives of the King. Monsieur and Madame Baels asked their daughter, Liliane, to drive them to the King, and this marked the first meeting of the tall twenty-two year old girl and the widowed monarch.

"What language do you speak, Mademoiselle Baels?" the King asked. "French or Flemish?"

"Both," said Liliane Baels. Leopold's pleasure increased when he discovered that she was an expert golfer, and he invited her to the links near Zoute. They played nine holes and then they did not meet again for another two years. Because, however, the story of Leopold III is also the story of Liliane Baels it is necessary to trace the story back to the beginning, and to London where Liliane was born, in 1916.

London shaped most of her early life, although after the first World War was over she was sent for a while to school in the provincial Palace of Bruges and later to the College of the Sacred Heart in Ostend, where in the course of *composition française* she had to write an essay on "The Man I Most Admire." The man she chose was Prince Leopold.

In London she enrolled in a fashionable finishing school, the Holy Child Jesus, in Cavendish Square. It was clear even then, although Liliane was only sixteen, that she was on the way to a spectacular career. She took naturally to all sports. The moment her feet were long enough to touch the pedals she took the wheels of a car, and showed an instinct for unerring, fast driving. In appearance she was striking, almost six feet tall, with a Spanish profile and hair which gleamed blue-black in the sunlight. Her chin was hard, but she laughed easily and possessed an energy that made her seem not so much to walk as bound like a kangaroo.

In 1935 she made her début and was introduced to the British Royal Family in Buckingham Palace. By the side of King George V and Queen Mary stood the Prince of Wales. He was even then secretly in love with Mrs. Wallis Simpson.

Had he fallen in love instead with the eighteen-year-old girl who curtsied to him, the thrones of two nations would have been saved the most almighty shaking.

On May 10, 1940, Germany invaded the Low Countries. As was expected, the British and French Armies rushed to their support and the Germans, attacking where the French were wheeling, broke through—as they had done in 1870—at Sedan and smashed a great gap in the French lines through which the armour poured. At the same time they attacked in terrific force in the north and knocked out the Dutch in four days.

But while the Dutch Army had been annihilated the Belgians were still fighting.

In the higher levels of the war councils there had been doubts expressed about Leopold's attitude to the war, but the Allies, remembering the heroic resistance of Albert and his Belgians in the first war, could not visualize that Belgium would voluntarily remove herself from the fighting.

Emergency meeting

The news everywhere was bad. General Weygand, the French commander-in-chief, hastened to Leopold, and asked him to hold the Germans for as long as possible to give the French breathing space for a counter-offensive. On May 23, Leopold called his ministers to an emergency meeting, and told them to think over the possibilities of complete capitulation to the Germans. The suggestion brought the ministers to their feet in indignation, but Leopold sat silently before their protests. The meeting broke up and he was left alone with his thoughts.

Two days later he sent an ominous

In 1950, the vote in favour of Leopold's return as king made riots flare in Brussels. Revolution was threatened . . . but Leopold later abdicated

message to his soldiers, telling them to keep fighting, but that whatever happened he would share their fate. Everywhere the situation was deteriorating, with the Allies on the run, the Germans in the full flush of success.

Leopold came to his decision. On the twenty-sixth, Viscount Gort, the British commander, and General Weygand were informed. At midnight on that day Leopold accepted German conditions and two hours later he notified the French.

On May 28 at 4 a.m. the cease-fire was ordered to all Belgian troops. It was a decision taken against the unanimous opposition of the Belgian Cabinet.

The rights and wrongs of Leopold's action can be argued endlessly and without result. Defenders of Leopold point out that Leopold knew indirectly as early as May 20 that Gort was planning to evacuate the British by sea from Dunkirk, and that Leopold foresaw Belgium being "sold" by the French in retreat and the British in the sea. On the other hand there never was a war in which allies were not convinced that they were being "sold" everywhere and by every other ally all the time.

Leopold's decision was a stunning blow to the Allies; yet it was a gesture inspiring to many Belgians stricken for the second time by German occupation. Most of the Belgians loved him for it, and most of the Allies hated him.

While all these events were taking place Liliane Baels had been lost among the helpless millions uprooted by the war. She was at the wheel of an ambulance trying to struggle through the panic-stricken mobs of Belgium and northern France. The roads were choked with refugees in cars, carts or on foot.

Liliane's orders were to evacuate the aged from the battle areas. All her life she lived a sheltered upper middle-class existence, and this was her first experience of hardship, and the ugliness of war. Where her mother and father were she did not know.

The dawn of May 28 found her near the French border. She had not heard the news for days, but only knew that disaster was blending with disaster. She stopped the ambulance in a village crowded with troops and went into a *bistro* for some coffee, pushing a path through crowds of exhausted, sprawling French soldiers.

She was dressed in her Belgian Red Cross uniform and ordered her coffee as the wireless broadcast the latest news, the news of Leopold's decision to surrender. For a moment a stunned hush fell on the café and outside the noise of soldiers and traffic died away. Then one soldier hurled his coffee cup against the wall, and Liliane was deafened by the torrent of curses. She found herself with her back to the counter arguing furiously with French soldiers savage with rage, who shouted of treachery and sabotage.

"How dare you?" Liliane cried through angry tears. "You should be ashamed to speak in such manner of a man who fought to the end."

Wrote to the King

Blindly she pushed her way out and drove off in her ambulance until she was out of the village and able to find a quiet lane. She took out some paper and impulsively wrote the King a letter. Once it was written she scarcely knew what to do with it. She put it in a mail box at Bernay, near Rouen, and forgot all about it.

Some time later she caught up with her mother and father. The family gathered their possessions and drove with difficulty back to Brussels. The first appointment of Baels and his daughter was with King Leopold. Liliane found him tense, pre-occupied and looking much older.

"Liliane," he said, "did you have any doubt about my conduct here?"

"Never," said Liliane simply. But she knew that he only half believed what she had said.

By a romantic coincidence confirmation came next morning. The letter which Liliane had written weeks before had finally made its way to the palace and the King was on the telephone to her about it.

A year after the fall of France, in July, 1941, Liliane was down in the French *pays basques* where her parents had decided to settle for the duration. She would have been surprised to know that her name was already being studied in secret files by the Belgian Government-in-exile in London. A Belgian resistance fighter smuggling out intelligence had reported that "the King is seeing too much of a Mademoiselle Baels."

One day Madame Baels was puzzled to receive a letter from the Queen Mother Elisabeth asking that Liliane come to Brussels for a few days. It is probable that Liliane had a better idea of what was in the King's mind than her mother had. She took the train back to Brussels alone and was taken to the Bungalow, a little wooden house in the park at Laeken. Leopold said without preamble: "Liliane, would you marry me?"

Liliane, her natural ebullience deserting her for once, said uncertainly, "I don't think you can. Kings marry princesses." The King insisted and Liliane accepted.

When Henri Baels heard about it he was furious and set himself completely against the match. Baels had spent most of his life in politics. He could see, as neither the exhausted King nor his daughter, the trail of disaster, of calumny and misrepresentation the marriage would bring. He loved both his King and his daughter as only a profound monarchist and a father can. The people, Baels knew, would not see Leopold any more as a solitary hero tormented by doubts and by patriotism, but as a man who put his happiness first and married a woman while the country was flat on its face with a German boot on its neck.

Baels argued day after day for ten days. Those ten nights he passed sleeplessly turning and often in tears. But seeing his arguments had made not even a dent in the couple's mind, he yielded.

So, on September 11, 1941, was contracted one of the queerest royal marriages of the century. Within the Palace at Laeken, half of it occupied by German soldiers, in the private chapel, Leopold, aged forty, married Liliane Baels, aged twenty-five. Only two witnesses attended: Henri Baels and the Queen Mother.

Restless weeks

Liliane wore a wedding dress and a tulle veil loaned by Queen Elisabeth.

The church was decorated with pink and white flowers picked in the castle grounds. The ceremony over, the King gave his bride the title of Princess Liliane de Rethy, the name which he and Astrid had always used together when they travelled incognito.

There were a few days and weeks of peace ahead of them. Neither the bride or her husband deceived themselves into thinking they could keep their marriage secret for long, but they decided to let events take their course. Liliane went on to see the children, who threw themselves into her arms. Josephine Charlotte was thirteen years old, Baudouin eleven, and Charles six. For the first time in six years Laeken heard the sound of a woman's laughter.

The children's laughter, too, had a different sound to it. It took no more than a few minutes for these largely loveless children to be captured by the merry Liliane, whose charm was irresistible. The love which had starved inside them they poured on to her.

Had the world of King Leopold III stopped at the gates of Laeken Palace there would have been nothing more to add to the story. But Leopold was a king, the compromised ruler of a divided country occupied by a ruthless enemy, a king therefore whose reputation was in multiple jeopardy. The tragedy of the situation was that outside of Belgium, in the Allied camp, his stature was growing.

Leopold had thought of himself as utterly alone and universally condemned. If only he had known how highly his countrymen in exile esteemed him, many of his doubts and torments would have fallen away from

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Astrid, Queen of the Belgians, met her death in a car crash. Leopold, beside her, escaped

This childish fraud with a money box had shattered

knew that her son had learned the trick from

The imperfect husband

by GUY WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

WHEN the young man first paid her a *piropo*, Elena had no idea who he was and no desire to know. Spanish, and proud of her country though she was, she had always hated this custom of paying compliments to women in the street, which seemed to her merely exhibitionist and vulgar. And as she was still in mourning for her father, she thought it insensitive as well. She turned her head away stiffly.

Her two friends, walking with her, did not take so stern a view.

"I *say*, Elena," said one of them.

"What do you mean?" said Elena.

"Don't you know who that was?"

"I've not the faintest notion."

"It's Luis Candelejas—you know, the one there was all the scandal about with the South American girls last month. He's frightfully well known and popular—and handsome."

Elena was even less impressed. He could be a prince for all she cared. She was in mourning for her father. To her friends' amazement, she changed the subject.

But Elena, though strong-principled, was usually honest with herself. When, the next day, the same thing happened in the Plaza, she was forced to admit to herself that she did feel . . . well, a little less inflexible. In the first place, it was a lovely cloudless May day, the Plaza crowded, everyone in their best clothes, the storks planing overhead in great steady sweeps; in the second place, though she still terribly missed her father, with whom she had lived alone, she was secretly a little tired of her grief; and in the third, this Luis Candelejas, if that were his name, was unaccompanied. This meant at least that he was not paying her compliments out of bravado.

HE said she was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen. This was an exaggeration. She was not ugly, she knew, but neither was she a beauty—she had no illusions about that. But there was a certain frankness about the way he stood there as she passed, smiling but intense, his attention absolutely given, that attracted her. He was handsome, too. Could he really be interested in her?

One day she received a letter from him. There was a dance, he said, in the *Circulo*—the posh men's club in the town—and though, he knew, it might be considered by some unpardonable for him to suggest such a thing when they had never been formally introduced, it would, nevertheless, make him the happiest man in the world if she would consent to accompany him.

Elena's friends egged her on. One offered her services as chaperone. And though her aunt, with whom she lived now, said it was unthinkable when she was still in mourning and didn't even know the man, she decided eventually to go. She could dress discreetly in black and—heavens—going to a dance with a man didn't commit her.

At the dance he was charming—witty, humorous and absolutely correct. She knew there were people there who were whispering, but his manners were so punctilious that she felt she had nothing to reproach herself for. After all, she wasn't a widow.

She could not believe all the stories she had heard about his cavalier activities. He was open certainly, maybe a little forward by some standards, but that did not mean that he was immoral.

She went out with Luis Candelejas several times more after this, and one day, a week or two later, when they were sitting together in the corner seat of a café he asked her if she would be his *novia*. A *noviazco* not being quite the equivalent of an engagement—it is really no more than the semi-official announcement of a friendship which, though a special one, may or may not turn into something permanent—there was nothing so very sudden about this, and she saw no harm in accepting.

But then a rather unforeseen thing happened. She had expected that this new development would make her friends even more respectful and envious. But to her surprise they took quite a different attitude.

"But Elena," they said. "You can't do such a thing, not with the sort of man Don Luis is. He's renowned for the number of girls he's let down. He'll pay you all these lovely compliments and be on his best behaviour for just as long as it suits him, and then he'll leave you. What will you be then but the laughing stock of the town?"

Elena's father had been quite a wealthy shopkeeper before he died. With the sale of his business, as well as what was already in the bank and invested, she had enough money to keep her very comfortably.

"Don't you realize he's only interested in your money, Elena," they said.

She refused absolutely to believe this. Her friends' advice, she thought, was no longer to be taken seriously. It was based on jealousy. When, a month or so later, Luis proposed marriage, she accepted. The wedding took place not so very long after she had come out of mourning for her father. For Spain, it was an amazingly rapid affair.

With Elena's money, she and Luis bought two adjoining flats in a good position in the centre of the town with the idea of running them as a pension. They would live and have the dining-room in one and have the other for the guests' rooms. With the furnishings, this cost a lot of money. Nearly all of Elena's capital was used up. But because of the position they soon had their rooms filled and were making a nice profit. It was a perfect arrangement. Luis did all the social side of things, and Elena looked after the cooking and the domestic organization. They were very happy, and in no time at all, it seemed to Elena, they had got back a good amount of the money they had spent; and she had borne Luis two healthy sons.

Elena saw right away that Luis had a quite different nature from her own. He was much less careful about money. He was always buying her expensive presents which they could not really afford, and then forgetting to pay the bills, which came eventually to her. But she just smiled and made allowances.

They were a wonderful partnership. But then, one day, after several years of happy marriage, Elena made a rather unpleasant discovery. She had insisted on inculcating habits of thrift into her children, and had supplied them both with money boxes into which she encouraged them to put one quarter of their pocket money each week. She was short of change for the milkman one morning and went to her eldest son's, José's, box. Instead of pesetas, she found it was filled with small stones. When confronted with his deed, the boy broke down completely and said that his father had put him up to it.

ELENA knew very well when José was lying, and though she did not for a moment let him see what she thought—she said she was sure Papa had done no such thing—she knew that what he said was the truth. That evening, with a heavy resentment in her heart, she spoke to Luis about it.

"Did you put José up to swapping stones for the money in his box, Luis?" she asked straight out.

Luis flushed very red. "The boy wanted to buy something or other," he mumbled. "Anyway, it was ages ago."

She lost her temper. "What does it matter how long ago it was?" she shouted. "Does that make it any more honest? Why does the boy have to lie to me if he wants something? Why do you have to encourage him? Have I ever denied any of you anything that was reasonable?"

"He didn't lie to you," said Luis sulkily.

"Yes, he did. You both did—indirectly. Why the stones otherwise?"

She was surprised afterwards how angry she got. It was almost as if she had an old score to pay off, something that had been hidden for a long time—though this was the first time anything of the sort had happened.

A certain tension set in after this. It was nothing directly to do with the money-box. She apologized to Luis for her anger, which she said maybe had not been justified by the circumstances, and Luis was also very sorry. It was a certain undefined tension, as if something quite fundamental had moved at the very foundations of their relationship.

One or two other incidents of a similar nature followed that of the money-box; none of them very important. Elena still tried uneasily to find excuses for Luis. It was only when she found that he was manipulating the accounts that her attitude to him changed completely.

There was still no question in Elena's mind that Luis might have married her for her money—that she would never believe—but it was clear enough that, where money was concerned, he was not only irresponsible but also dishonest. She went through the accounts drawer there and then and found all the evidence she needed. Luis had falsified several bills in his own handwriting and hadn't even bothered to destroy them. They were all there, receipted.

Elena's remedy was uncompromising. She saw that, if she was to prevent him doing any more damage, and also corrupting the children, she would have to take a much firmer control of things. She now did all the accounts herself, forbade him ever to handle any money at all from the guests, and gave him a weekly allowance for his own expenses. As with the children, she gave him pocket money now. When he had spent it, he couldn't have any more.

But the most infuriating thing of all, she found, was his attitude. Over the

Elena's world. For she his father

money box business he'd at least put on a show of being repentant after she'd apologized for her own excessive anger. Now he had almost a proud look, it seemed to her. Secretly, she knew, he *was* proud of what he'd done. She knew all his bar friends laughed at her behind her back, and buttered him up as a hero.

It wasn't fair, she argued to herself. It was she who had provided the money for the pension, she who kept it together, doing all the work. All Luis ever did was to talk to the guests and waste time. Yet he was always the *simpatico,* the popular hero of the bars.

SHE noticed particularly, for the first time, how the women spoke to him, as if they wanted to show him how they, too, didn't care about silly things like honesty. It wasn't fair, she kept telling herself. Yet what could she do? What *could* she do, except keep going, feeding them all, seeing the guests were comfortable, bringing up the children in a Christian way? It seemed there was no justice in the world.

And then there happened something she had never foreseen at all. For all his faults she never thought that Luis would be unfaithful to her in any way. When her aunt came to see her and suggested that this trust of hers was unfounded, she wouldn't believe it. Her aunt had never approved of Luis, and had never wanted to think well of him. When she had the impudence to hint that Luis was having some kind of an affair with a South American girl who was staying in her own pension, just because he had been seen in bars and cafés with her, Elena boiled over with indignation.

"And what is wrong with Luis giving a guest a drink in a bar if he feels like it?" she said. "How spiteful people can be."

Her aunt protested that she had only come to warn her.

AFTER this, Elena kept an eye open, but she still did not in her heart believe ill of Luis. He loved nothing better than to take someone to a bar, especially if they formed an appreciative audience for his jokes and stories. He'd just been showing off to the girl, that was all.

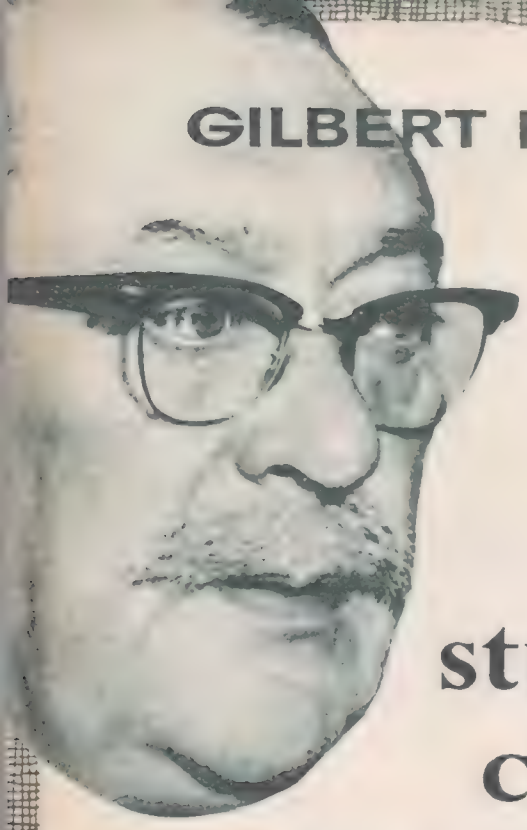
She actually ran into the proof quite by mistake. She was taking some clean sheets to the South American girl's room. It happened she had her slippers on and they obviously did not hear her approach. The door was ajar. . . .

They parted quickly when they saw her, but it was too late. There was no doubt about it.

Elena was profoundly shocked. Something quite radical happened to her. If Luis had humbly confessed his guilt and had asked her forgiveness, she might possibly have relented. She was prepared to understand that men had these occasional lapses from fidelity which did not really amount to anything more than momentary weakness. But when Luis did not ask her forgiveness—if anything he seemed more cheerful and confident than ever—she hardened uncompromisingly.

She said nothing to the world. Nothing would have induced her by the smallest gesture to indicate her feelings to other people. The South American girl, who impudently didn't leave, she treated with distant politeness. She even treated Luis so in public. But whenever they were alone she made him see how utterly she despised him.

And this at last had its effect. Luis



GILBERT HARDING ASKS Do we want these stunts in church?

I ONCE noticed a youth, hesitating in the porch of a country church, clad in the strange garments considered to be appropriate for hiking. Like Christian, in *Pilgrim's Progress*, he carried a great load on his back and he had a staff in his hand.

He seemed a contemporary pilgrim in earnest search of Zion, City of God.

Suddenly, out of the cool interior of the church, came a braying, the parsonical chant at its most unpleasant, remote from reality, nasal and nasty. I watched the youth hesitate, take up his burden again and walk away into the sunshine.

I could not blame him. The "parsonical voice" is only one symptom of the churches' inability to talk to the young people of today in the language of today. The churches have failed, depressingly, to attract a new generation of worshippers.

I do not entirely blame the parsons; some lay stalwarts of the Church would not attract me if I were twenty. They are often lamentably suspicious of innovations and of young people.

Recently, however, churches of most denominations have been trying hard not to be "square." They have been trying too hard.

I like young people, but I refuse to regard them as the salt of the earth, to be pandered to, pursued.

It is not their fault that they are bigheads, with too great a sense of their own importance; it is largely ours. Too many schoolmasters, parents, parsons, bow down to youth in a ridiculous way.

Ping-pong parsons

I should like to see the churches full of young people, but I do not like to see parsons running after the youth, organizing a dizzy round of table tennis tournaments and parish hall hops. It is, if it is anything, a negative kind of Christian service. They are, perhaps, keeping a dozen or so of the dimmer types off the street corners; perhaps a dance is better if a parson is present; but to me that seems to have little to do with religion and worship.

Go into the highways and byways, certainly, but bring them *in*, into church.

What strikes me as silly about all this stunting by the clergy to "bring them in"—I read, some time ago, of a parson blessing his congregation's cars—is the pathetic belief that it will make churchgoers out of heathen Sunday late-sleepers.

Such goings-on bring the curious to church for special occasions. I doubt whether it makes Christians who will stay to worship.

The best of our parsons, of all denominations, are not unduly concerned with their "gate," with counting heads. They want not only to have, but to hold, a congregation of *worshippers*.

It isn't blasphemy

Over the form and the idiom of worship I would make concessions to the young. The Church need not go running after them, but, when they do come to church, I believe that it is up to the Church to allow them to worship in ways they know.

I see nothing profane, shocking or blasphemous in the sight of a dance band in church, in jazzing up the services, even the mass, as the Rev. Geoffrey Beaumont, a South London vicar, has done.

His Twentieth-Century Folk Mass has been televised, and I, and thousands of others, found it most moving.

There is a story that should help us to sort out our feelings about such innovations. It is about a juggler in the Middle Ages who was performing his feats before a statue of the Virgin Mary.

The stuffy took great exception to this and asked him sternly why he juggled in such a sacred place. He answered: "It is what I can do best." He wanted to give his best in worship.

Jazz, as Geoffrey Beaumont himself said to me, is what he can do best. It also happens to be what a large number of younger people like best. To me, it is only sense that young people, who understand this type of music and express themselves in it, should be given an opportunity to worship in it, too.

After all, the church organ, now almost universal, is but a Victorian thing, and so are many of the dreary hymn tunes sung in churches. If you have read Thomas Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree* you will know that, little more than a century ago, village brass bands and orchestras accompanied the services and made a "gladsome noise" which would have been quite shocking to some of our more staid and easily shocked churchgoers.

If we had less of the "parsonical voice," fewer fusty-dusty churches, not quite so many eager, overhearty parsons pretending to be young to curry favour with the young, and forms of worship that the young could understand, more young people might come to church to worship.

If that happens, Tin Pan Alley in the aisle is all right by me. THE END

The imperfect husband

continued from previous page

was easy-going, but he had never in his life encountered anything so strong as his wife's scorn and dislike. She found a hundred ways of making life uncomfortable for him. If he came in late for his meals, his food was cold because she had not bothered to keep it hot. She did not allow him wine because she said they couldn't afford it. She cut down his weekly allowance, and kept the children away from him whenever possible. More and more he stayed away from home. Goodness knows where he went or how he got the money, but he even ate out.

The pension suffered. Elena was forced to admit that, though Luis had done very little work in the place, he had contributed a lot to getting and keeping guests. Fifty per cent were brought in because of his contacts in the town.

The numbers fell off and soon Elena found half her rooms unoccupied. After some months of this, she found herself for the first time in her life in debt, with no immediate prospect of improving things. There were many more pensions in the town now; competition was fierce, contacts important.

Yet she was unyielding. Many times she thought of talking to Luis, saying to him that it was a ridiculous state of affairs; that he must repent of his deed and that they must start afresh. But when she saw his face, unclouded by guilt and apparently perfectly happy, she could not bring herself to do it. Maybe she dreaded that he might say in words what she had for so long subconsciously dreaded—that he did not love her, and only stayed under her roof because it was a roof and because it was convenient.

SHE carried on, her spirit dying, slowly suffocating under the strain and dread with which she lived.

One day things were particularly bad. It happened that the children's school bill came in at the same time as a lot of others. Suddenly, Elena was in despair. She had had to do some repairs to the roof, which had been leaking, and there was not nearly enough in the bank to pay off everything. Another guest had just gone because he had found a better pension that had central heating.

She was sitting alone in the kitchen when a friend of Luis's came in, looking for him. Normally, Elena was cold and brisk with Luis's friends, but just now she had not the spirit even for this. He came in and sat down. He was a cheerful creature, like Luis, always laughing.

"What's up, Elena?" he said good humouredly. "In debt? Ah, I can see you are. Nothing else would get you down like this."

"What do you mean?" she said.

"Mean?" he said, recoiling. "Why, no offence, Elena."

"You mean all I think about is money, is that it?"

"No, Elena. I simply meant. . . ."

"*That* is what you meant, Fernando, and it's true. I do think a lot about money these days. If I don't who does in this family? What does Luis care if we get into debt, if we lose our guests? He's always *simpatico*, and his friends pat him on the back."

There was a silence. Elena had spoken bitterly and this was the first time in her life she had ever mentioned Luis in such terms to anyone.

Fernando semed to think. "Look here, Elena," he said at last. "I don't know how things are between you and Luis, and it's no business of mine. But debt—that's something I do know about. I might be able to help."

"What are you driving at?"

"Well—it's only a suggestion, and you don't have to take it, of course, but I do happen to have a friend in the local lottery. Now, it's not a foolproof system. There is a risk. My friend can't work all that accurately, and you have to give him a margin. But if you buy a couple of hundred tickets, and give him a decent reward for the risk he takes, I think you'd be fairly sure of a win. It wouldn't be a grand sum—not more than twenty or thirty thousand pesetas—but it might tide you over."

Elena would have nothing to do with it. Cheating the lottery? She was horrified. She sent Fernando firmly away telling him he ought to be ashamed of himself.

But that evening she was round at his house. The money had to be found somehow, and desperate measures were necessary. She gave him her last two thousand pesetas, making him swear that he would never say anything, ever, to Luis.

HOW Elena suffered during that week! She tried hard to justify her action to herself—she tried to think that it was necessary for her family's welfare, to compensate for her husband's weaknesses—but she was too honest a woman really to free herself from her conscience. This was dishonesty—and she could not escape the fact. She was doing just the same thing she had accused Luis of. Stealing.

Yet, at the same time, she could not avoid a flutter of excitement and hope. In a strange way the gamble stirred her spirit. If she pulled it off, she'd run things quite differently. She'd stop bullying Luis, maybe even forgive him—whether he asked her to or not—and try to start again. Maybe, with a new attitude from her, they could build up the business again—together. If only—if only she could have some luck!

On the morning the winning lottery numbers were published in the local newspaper, she rushed out before breakfast to buy a copy. She tore open the pages there in the street. . . .

She'd lost! Everything she had. The winning number was no more than seven on from the last number she'd drawn. But it was on. It might have been thousands on. Fernando's friend had bungled it. She was ruined.

She could not go home. Though it was a bitter winter's day, she went and sat in the park all the morning, white and lifeless, on a little bench by the empty bandstand. She had gambled dishonestly, and they now had not a penny in the world. She was a thoroughly sinful woman, and this was God's judgment on her.

At last, however, a faint hope stirred. There might somehow have been a mistake. She went to Fernando's house again. At least, if it was true and she had lost, she could vent her last emotions upon him for having led her astray.

She rang the bell—and Luis opened the door. They stood looking at each other for several moments.

"Elena," said Luis at last.

She broke down sobbing, and threw herself into his arms. "I did it for the children," she said, "for us. I didn't mean to be dishonest. It was the bills coming in—all at once."

LUIS held her some moments, gently patting her back. All of a sudden his body, too, began to shake. He turned up her head to his. Laughter was breaking out all over his face.

"Dear old Elena," he said. "Fancy you playing the lottery. I thought I'd led you astray when Fernando told me. I thought we were really ruined if you stooped to this sort of thing. But—Lord—I never realized till now how funny it is. I didn't know you had it in you, Elena, really I didn't."

For a moment she was annoyed. What was this—some new trick, some new insensitivity, some final blow of cruelty?

Then with amazement she saw the genuine laughter and affection in his eyes, an affection she had not seen for many months.

He took her cheeks in his two hands and, gently, kissed her. "You're *simpatica*," he said. THE END

© *Guy Wilson, 1959*

Even at the formal dance of the season, Queen Charlotte's Ball, debs and escorts rock 'n' roll

After a lively party in a tube train the revels went on in a private house —until neighbours called the police

It's the swingiest year for the champagne set

Any time now, says ALAN LLOYD, the crazy fun will start. Debs will be ducked and siphons squirted. And nothing will matter—not even money

THE social seasons of 1956, 1957 and 1958, each more spectacular and lavish than London had known since the war, gave the sons and daughters of some of Britain's wealthiest families a prominence previously reserved for politicians, pop-singers and rock 'n' roll idols.

Reliable society reporters predict that 1959 will be what young Mayfair approvingly terms the "swingiest" (and, for parents, the most costly) year of the lot.

Activity started early. Eight hours after Lucy Rothenstein, the daughter of Sir John Rothenstein, married Richard Rhys at Westminster Cathedral last January, other gay young socialites among the wedding guests were still celebrating at the reception in the Tate Gallery, Millbank, London. A seven-foot cake stood by El Greco's "The Bather," drinks surrounded Henry Moore's "Recumbent Figure," and Maillol's "Three Nymphs" received at least one convivial slap on the back.

Suddenly a slender girl with long, tawny hair dashed down the hall, braced her legs like a schoolboy on ice and slid to the cloakroom door.

Clad in black stockings, short skirt and two "fisherman's" sweaters, Suna Portman, who has been described as the high priestess of young society (and, less regally, as Miss I've-Got-the-Lot), made her exit on the piquant note most favoured by her "muckers" —the approved term for "friends."

Suna's "muckers" dress down to an occasion; they seldom dress-up. Kiki Byrne, a young designer who dresses many society girls, says that the average office girl has far more clothes sense.

By the standards of her group, Suna is versatile. Among other things, she has studied art, modelled fashions, performed in an amateur film called *Sex In The Stars*, shown interest in becoming a Liberal candidate for Westminster Council and in joining the East End's Theatre Workshop.

Life is hectic for a bright young thing. At the end of the 1957 season, Miss Portman entered a London clinic to be treated for a gastric ulcer.

Avowed disapproval of publicity is *de rigueur* in her set. "I hate publicity," she says. "You might not think so, but I do."

Secretly, many of her contemporaries enjoy it. Some even employ "public relations" men. In February, the Hon. Anthony Patrick Andrew Cairnes Berkeley Moynihan, who last year capped a much-publicised party career by marrying a fire-eater's assistant (they now have a much-publicised daughter), announced through his press agent that he was not granting interviews at less than £100 a time.

Entry to the set is usually by birth certificate only. Gate crashers are treated boisterously. An uninvited photographer who joined a large party at Hurlingham last season was thrown into the swimming pool where his own picture was promptly taken by Tom Hustler, an Old Etonian photographer of high standing among débutantes and their escorts.

Hustler, a gangling, personable young man of twenty-three, known as "Daddy Longlegs" by the socialites he photographs, says that competition to become a "name" is keen.

He takes his camera to several parties a week during the season. Last year the celebrations started in May, and by June there were sometimes several parties a night. One inspired teenager, Lola Wigan, held hers on a steamer cruising between Westminster

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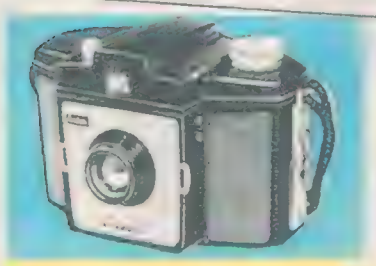

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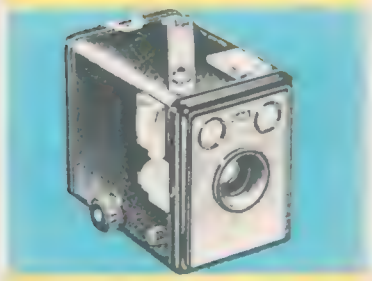

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It's the swingiest year for the champagne set

continued from previous page

Bridge and Greenwich. The biggest parties cost anything from £1,000.

Two eighteen-year-old girls, Caroline Nares and Harriet Hague, combined forces to throw an open-air party for 450 guests at an estimated cost of £5,000 in the Berkshire riverside village of Bray. While villagers sought sleep, a calypso band drifted downstream on a raft playing the latest "hits."

"The free meals were good, even if the season's laundry bill for cleaning my dress shirts was expensive," says Hustler. "I estimated that fond mothers and fathers spend something like £400 entertaining me alone."

According to Lord Valentine Thynne, a slender young man of twenty, "It is desirable that one's parents should think that one is taking life seriously." Valentine's more recent misfortunes have included losing his shoes during an invasion of the Isle of Wight by several hundred bright young things last June, a summons after a party last October, and a squirt from a soda syphon during a rowdy ride on the Inner Circle in March.

Many young socialites go to work. Susan Douglas, the daughter of Lord Cecil Douglas, and her "muckers" Caroline Neilson and Angela Goldsborough, opened a second-hand clothes shop off the Edgware Road last season. Business was brisk. For a short period, Ruth Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, who is related to Lord Tennyson, the poet, worked as a Mayfair char for three shillings an hour.

And Lady Carolyn Townshend, a bright young blonde, has a job on TV. "I hold the hands of contestants before they go on *Dotto* and assure them that are going to enjoy themselves," she says. Her father is chairman of East Anglian ITV.

Gambling parties

Others envisage different ways of making money. Young Mayfair has its professional croupiers and at least one bookmaker of unquestionable breeding. Roulette is the favourite game.

At the larger, more spectacular parties, gaiety seldom exceeds the limits of champagne squirting, glass throwing, ducking selected people in fountains, ponds or streams, climbing buildings and letting down car tyres.

At one, held in a Mayfair hotel and attended by several hundred guests, people in search of fresh air climbed through the ballroom windows, down a ladder, scaled the hotel railings and finished up strolling in Hyde Park.

Charles MacArthur Hardy, a veteran of many seasons, is still one of the escorts most in demand at such parties. Usually described as a rugged and romantic Australian, Hardy comes from Petersfield, Hampshire.

A bachelor of thirty-one, with prematurely greying temples, Hardy professes to enjoy the season for the "interesting people" it enables him to meet.

Outsiders are less clear about the values of Britain's young social set. The daughter of the commander of the Israeli army, Yael Dyan, who recently visited this country, was invited to a society party on New Year's Eve.

"I was the first to leave," she says. "The only time they stopped talking about their parties was to talk about other people's parties."

Parties are also a popular topic of conversation in the Chelsea coffee bars where London's bright young things congregate before lunch during the season. Other interests tend to be short-lived. Abstract painting, tombstone designing, logical positivism (a philosophical system recognizing only positive facts and observable phenomena), Spanish dancing and amateur drama have been tested and found "okay" in recent times.

In June last year London's Scala Theatre was packed by debutantes, their friends and relatives, who had paid up to five guineas a seat to watch the top names of young society act in a thriller written about the season by Lady Aylwen, an amateur playwright.

The production got an uproarious reception, despite one or two snags. Lines were fluffed, actresses broke into giggles at the wrong moments, and what was intended as a dramatic climax struck the more exacting critics as farce. One older member of the advertised cast, the Duke of Bedford, failed to appear at all.

Jazz sets the theme

Perhaps the most respected of all pastimes is writing. In recent months several leading personalities have been working on books, including Mac-Arthur Hardy, Dominie Riley-Smith, the pretty daughter of a wealthy Sussex landowner, and the Hon. Penelope Allsopp, Lord Hindlip's daughter.

Each of their books concerns the season. Young socialites seldom write about anything else.

Fast jazz is the theme music of the set. Every Monday in the Elizabethan chamber of a smart Kensington hotel, the Marchioness of Donegall, one of the best-liked members of a previous generation of bright young socialites, runs a jazz club for her youthful and titled friends.

Logs burn in an open hearth, candles shine from bronze chandeliers and portraits of Good Queen Bess, Raleigh and Drake watch from the walls as the rich juveniles of the beat generation "cut a rug."

"Of course, we only go in for traditional jazz," says Lady Donegall. "The girls wear black, blue, green and red stockings; never trousers. The musicians wear dinner jackets. I'm very fussy about appearances. I won't have rag-bags at the club."

But on Sundays the "swingiest" of Lady Donegall's club members go down a dingy cellar below a yard near Piccadilly where jazzmen in their shirt-sleeves, with cigarettes drooping from their mouths, "blow a storm" of traditional or "mainstream" music as the mood takes them, and social finesse is as negligible as the décor.

Jiving is an accepted way to keep in training for the rigours of the season, which are mainly physical. Ski-ing is another way. Lady Lucinda MacKay, the Earl of Inchcape's daughter, is reported to have taken her ski-racing so seriously at Wengen last December that she refused invitations to a number of dances.

Barbecued a deer

Once in a while some young person contracts out of the bright young set at the peak of his (or her) "career." Viscount John Joseph Encombe, heir of Lord Eldon, who owns a large estate in Devon, held his last party in Oxford last June after being connected with the shooting and barbecueing of a Magdalen College deer.

During the party, which was cut short by the arrival of a Black Maria, about twenty champagne bottles were smashed and a woman guest left with a live snake draped round her neck.

Today, Encombe, who is twenty-two, lives quietly in the rue Gay Lussac, in Paris, painting and occasionally strumming a guitar in the local bars. To the "hipsters" of society, such a life is indicative of the fact that their former companion is "on the hill" (nice, but slightly mad).

For most of them, however, serenity comes soon enough with marriage. On May 16 last year, the Marquess of Londonderry, a bright young bachelor with outspoken views on several subjects—among them, notoriously, the Queen—wed Nicolette Harrison, the daughter of a London stockbroker.

From that day the marquess has not uttered an indiscreet word. THE END

SECRETS OF SOVIET SCIENCE • 2 by LUCIEN BARNIER

I meet the men behind Expedition Mars

Ever since the Russians launched the sputnik—above it is seen after take-off, cradled in a rocket plane—they have trained men for space travel. A scientist says: "To the moon and back will take nine point eight-four days"

Now Russia has plans for a human safari into space. The pilots are ready—for a journey there and back

Last January 2, ninety minutes before the launching of the Russian rocket that went soaring on into outer space beyond the moon, I announced on Radio Luxembourg that this event was imminent.

I don't claim supernatural powers. It was just that I had recently returned from Moscow, where I had spent ten days with the scientists who were in charge of Soviet space exploration.

My journeys into Russia, which have taken me thousands of miles through that vast country, began two years ago when I learned that a Soviet scientist named Nicholas Kuprevich had obtained the first televised close-up of the moon.

Curiosity compelled me to leave for Russia at once. As a scientific journalist in Paris, I was already intrigued by reports of advances that are taking place in the Soviet Union; advances that cover every field of science from atomic planes to automatic factories which are changing the lives of Russian workers. I was anxious to investigate the reports for myself—and Kuprevich's discovery, obviously part of Russia's programme for the conquest of space, gave me an excellent excuse.

The flight from Paris to Moscow needed only nine hours. After a further ten hours by train from Moscow to Leningrad, and forty-five minutes by car to the Pulkovo Observatory, I was on Kuprevich's doorstep.

Kuprevich is getting on for fifty. His laboratory looked rather like a television viewing-room. Three TV sets side by side reflected our faces on their glass screens. On the wall, a large-scale portrait of our satellite showed the tormented surface of the moon.

"So that's the photograph the whole world is talking about!" I said.

Kuprevich turned his head. "I took it three days ago," he replied. "I didn't know it had caused such a stir."

The photograph is sharp and full of detail. It is a composite picture, circular in shape, with a diameter of four feet six, which is fairly large compared with the ninety-four centimetre maximum enlargements obtained with difficulty from even the best telescopes. A more efficient technique for capturing the features of lunar landscape had certainly been needed. I wanted to know how Nicholas Kuprevich had hit on his idea.

It all began in 1952. Kuprevich was thumbing through an American magazine which showed two photographs of a young woman. One of the photographs had been taken in the ordinary way; the other had been taken by

Secrets of Soviet science

continued from previous page

photographing a reproduction of the same shot transmitted on to the screen of a television set. Unquestionably the image produced electronically looked clearer and had greater contrast.

Since television makes for added brilliance in the picture, thought Kuprevich, why not attach a television camera to the eye-piece of a telescope trained on the moon?

The photograph I was looking at showed how completely his experiment had succeeded.

It did not, however, satisfy my exacting friend. He is now dreaming of an enlargement fifteen feet in diameter.

Mme. Orlova, another scientist also taking part in this extraordinary reconnaissance of the moon, was busy identifying the rocks that men will discover there when they step out of their rockets. I watched her at work in her study in Leningrad University.

My next appointment was with the famous Professor Gleb Chebotarev, the first scientist in the world to calculate a parabolic trajectory for an earth-moon-earth rocket.

Moon rocket plans

A trifle overawed by the splendour of the premises of the Leningrad Academy of Sciences, I followed my guide to the professor's study. I expected to meet a greying sage, but the man who received me was under forty. Chebotarev was wearing a well-cut blue suit. We talked in French.

"Professor," I said, "your name has often appeared in the French papers. One dispatch stated that a Soviet rocket will circle the moon and return to earth without using fuel."

Chebotarev got up, went out for a few minutes and came back with a thick file tied up with tape. Through the big double windows I could see the smoke from a ship out in the Baltic.

"You know that the planets and comets move without using fuel," he explained. "Well, one might similarly think of a rocket as a heavenly body, from the moment that the projectile has reached a sufficient speed to escape from the attraction of the earth. Once moving at this escape velocity of seven miles a second, the rocket can certainly travel through outer space on a predetermined trajectory, like a comet."

He went on to say that the rocket's return journey to earth will work on the same principle, making use of terrestrial gravity. The effects of this will be offset for landing by special parachutes like those already used in Russian experimental rockets carrying live animals into the stratosphere.

"I estimate that the time for the entire journey, earth-moon-earth," he said, "will be ten days—nine point eight-four days, to be precise."

Day and night, all over the Soviet Union, scientists are concentrating on this most ambitious of human plans: travel in interplanetary space.

This research programme is organized and directed by the Commission for Interplanetary Communications, set up on April 18, 1955. The commission's first phase, that of artificial satellites, has of course already been achieved. Numbers of other space-laboratories will now be sent out successively farther and farther from the earth.

In the offices of the commission, the "Moon" file contains this statement made by the scientist Yuri Khlebtzevich, originator of the project "LMV" (Lunar-Mars-Venus) as it is commonly called in the U.S.S.R. *The first physical exploration of the moon will probably be made between 1960 and 1965.*

Following the phase of artificial satellites, Khlebtzevich's programme foresees two further steps: rockets exploring round the moon, then a laboratory on the moon.

The rockets are to be launched at the time when the back of the moon, forever hidden from the earth, is well lit by the sun. They will transmit television pictures which will be magnified one thousand times on the receiving screens on earth.

The next phase of exploration will be done by five rockets each weighing fifty tons. Four of them will be tanker-rockets carrying fuel which they discharge automatically into the fifth one. This latter rocket will contain a mobile, unmanned caterpillar-laboratory, which can manoeuvre on the broken and dusty surface of the moon. Equipped with a television camera, the laboratory, tele-controlled from the earth, will transmit pictures giving an exact survey of the lunar surface.

The third part of Khlebtzevich's plan lays down the broad lines for man's scientific conquest of the moon. It will be possible, he foresees, not only to send explorers but also to establish a base staffed by men. The first inhabitants of the moon will be provisioned by crewless rockets, bringing the water, oxygen, food, equipment and scientific material needed for their life and work. The fuel for the men's return journey will reach the moon by the same means.

According to Khlebtzevich, the rocket carrying the explorers themselves does not present insuperable difficulties of construction. Like the others, it will weigh some fifty tons on leaving the earth and its effective payload will not exceed two thousand pounds.

Mars is a planet that particularly fascinates Soviet scientists, for it will be immediately accessible once the lunar staging-point has been set up.

Khlebtzevich has produced a preliminary memorandum from which a few sentences are sufficient to show how seriously Soviet scientists are preparing for this adventure.

An expedition to Mars is not an easy journey. The flight there and back on the most convenient trajectory will, according to the reckoning of scientists, take 520 days.

When acrobats are jumping at a great height from one trapeze to another, the least error in the calculation of time or movement may mean death. A similar, but very much more complex, situation is in store for interplanetary travellers. The least error in their timing, and their rocket will fall between two "trapezes." It will not reach either Mars or the earth, but will be doomed to stray through space for ever.

According to other Soviet scientists, the next occasion Mars will be in a suitable position for an attempted landing will be in 1971. Will the Russians be ready in time? Will they have built the space-ship that can stand the distances involved, the deadly radiation, the clouds of meteorites?

This is the answer of Doctor Nicolaiev, one of their greatest experts: "The U.S.S.R. is working on the construction of an interplanetary vessel which, as a first step, could reach the moon in twenty-four hours."

Doctor Nicolaiev, although more particularly concerned with the protection of the human organism under space-flight conditions, emphasizes: "The shape and dimensions of space-ships will be determined by the force of gravity of the planet to which they are routed. If the planet has no atmosphere, the space-ship will make a vertical landing on its surface with the help of braking jets and special landing-gear. If on the other hand the planet has an atmosphere, the space-ship will have to be fitted with wings."

In a new building near Moscow, men encased in what look like diving-suits take their places aboard cabins, fixed on the end of a long lever which revolves faster and faster.

Training the spacemen

These men are being trained as space-flight pilots. One of them, interviewed on Radio Moscow, said: "I am ready to leave for the moon at once."

Can we deduce from this statement that all the problems presented by a man's enforced stay in confined space and weightless conditions have been completely solved in the Soviet Union?

Certainly not. For example, merely to eliminate the carbon dioxide exhaled by four men on the earth-Mars journey would require what amounts to a small factory.

The experiment of sending the dog Laika up in a real space-ship has shown that a living organism of higher type can live in outer space. But the effect of weightlessness on the human organism is still relatively unknown. Also, many technical problems still remain to be solved—"to make sure that even four-footed explorers can return safe and sound," as Professor I. Sytinski of the Leningrad Physiological Institute put it to me.

A six-hour day

Let us now turn from visions of space travel to what the Russians have actually achieved here on earth.

Since the beginning of 1958 employees of the Lenin metallurgical factory in Tashkent have been working only a six-hour day. These are the first workers in the U.S.S.R. to enjoy such short working-hours, made possible by advanced automation.

Soviet enthusiasm for automation is extremely keen.

Approval has just been given to a plan for an automatic textile mill. All the operations will be automatic, from the treatment of raw materials to the loading of the finished products into railway trucks. The chemical solutions for processing the fabrics will also be prepared without human intervention. A photographic apparatus will report faulty work to the control-room.

Of Soviet automatic factories now functioning, one of the most remarkable is the ball- and roller-bearing factory in Moscow. Back in the U.S.A. after a recent visit, an American technician, Nevin Bean of the Ford Motor Company, wrote: "Any group of engineers and builders might be proud of the automation applied in this Russian factory, and Russian experts have begun to install a new automatic line much better than the one we saw."

The automatic factory that must have given Russian engineers their worst headaches makes 26,000 drinking-glasses, of very fine glass, every twenty-four hours. The complete production plant weighs ten tons, consists of 12,000 constituent parts and does the work of 150 glass-blowers.

Automation needs electronic "brains." The biggest and most spectacular brain of this type in Russia is the BESM Electronic Computer, as it is called. It is not in a factory, though, but in the Soviet Academy of Sciences.

The BESM, designed by Sergei Lebedev, Head of the Institute of Mechanics of the Academy of Sciences, works three times faster than the best British electronic brain and rivals the output of American models.

The robot doctor

Towards the end of 1957 work began on an even more interesting machine. The Mathematical Institute of the Ukraine devised an electronic computer that can, with equal facility, diagnose diseases of the heart, calculate the trajectories of future space-ships, determine the orbits of sputniks, or even predict the weather.

Perhaps the most extraordinary electronic brain ever invented, nevertheless, will be one for translating English, German, Chinese and other languages into Russian.

On my visits to Moscow I also learned that the Russians are even busy with far-reaching plans for altering the geography of their country.

The immense Caspian-Aral basin, for example, lies under cloudless skies and burning sun. Its total area accounts for twenty-three per cent of the territory of the Soviet Union—and it is a land of desert thirst and shrinking seas.

The level of the Caspian has been falling regularly since 1929 because rivers flowing into it no longer bring in sufficient water.

An engineer named Mitrofan Davydov, studying the problem, had a bold idea. "Most of the Siberian

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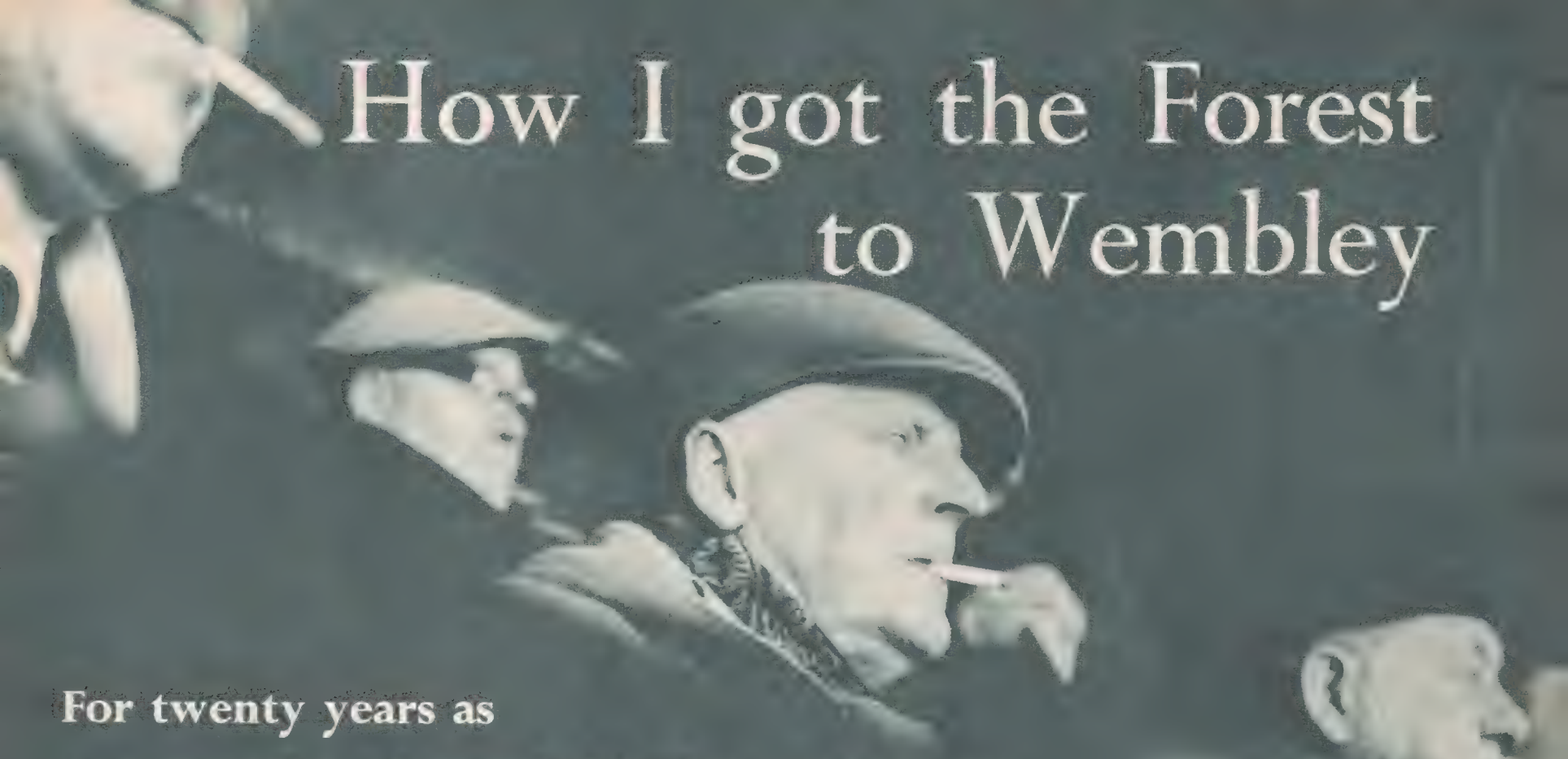
How I got the Forest to Wembley



For twenty years as manager I've planned this day. My secret: we're a happy family with no time for stars

by Billy Wealthee

THOSE amateur giant-killers, Tooting and Mitcham United, were beating Nottingham Forest 2-1 at half-time. The Tooting ground hardly merited the description of football pitch. At the start of the Cup-tie it had clearly not been rolled—in fact, it appeared to be criss-crossed with cart tracks—and within twenty minutes it was a quagmire.

The ball bounced as erratically as a rugby ball—or just stuck in the mud. My boys were getting rattled. All the skill had gone out of their game. It was the one time in the present Cup series when I feared that Forest would not reach the final.

In the interval I told the team to settle down, to relax.

"You're letting the conditions, not Tooting, beat you. Use your brains. Push the ball through lower and faster. You won't win unless you *play football.*" The lads pulled themselves together sufficiently in the second half to score an equalizing goal. A few days later we won the replay.

Trying to put partisanship aside for a moment, I am glad that the First Division footballers beat the amateurs. Suppose that Tooting and Norwich City —this year's other giant-killers—had got through to Wembley. It would have been the soccer sensation of the century. The newspapers would have been full of it.

But if football is to survive, sheer skill must succeed, whether it be in the rough and tumble of a Cup-tie, the pomp of a big international game, or the match on the local playing field.

With this in mind, the long-term cultivation of a high-class soccer machine has been my main aim at the Forest—a policy not without critics.

Nobody needs a thicker skin than a football manager. Nobody receives more knocks, more criticism. His is the most insecure job in sport. One Saturday the public may call him a genius, the next, an idiot. One Monday morning he may have a job for life, the next be unemployed.

I must have a thicker, tougher skin than most because I am the only manager in the Football League still holding the job I held before the war. For more than twenty years I have managed Nottingham Forest, a team rated today as one of Britain's best.

I've had my share of criticism. Nearly two years ago I went to Scotland to look at a young player recommended by my Scottish scout. This boy had failed to make the grade with Glasgow Celtic, the club he idolized, and had returned, disillusioned, to a minor league team. I brought him to the Forest to shape him for my team.

Scored a winner

Almost everybody said that he would never make a First Division inside-forward. Even some of my committee men had doubts. But I persevered, and within three months Johnny Quigley made his first-team début against Tottenham and scored our winning goal.

This season he has been selected for the Scottish F.A. XI and the Scotland Under-23 team. He scored the goal against Aston Villa which put us in the final.

Quigley has proved me right and my critics wrong, but there have been times when the positions have been reversed—and in Nottingham my name has been mud. Soccer managership can be a lonely job, a job calling for extreme resilience.

In the past eight years, the Forest has risen from the depths of the Third Division to stardom in the First Division. A team which cost around £25,000 is today worth £100,000.

A key factor in this story is the club's family spirit. This spirit stems, I believe, from the Forest's unique constitution, for it is the only private club in the Football League.

It is run not by a board of directors but by a committee. Unlike many League clubs, the Forest is not highly commercialized. I suffer nothing like the interference that many managers have to endure from their boards of directors. Indeed, since I came to the Forest in 1938 all team arrangements and building have been in my charge.

As evidence of the family spirit, I reckon that the Forest has been kinder to its old players than any other club in the country. Many of the present staff started with the club twenty or thirty years ago as players. The trainer, Tommy Graham, for instance, began as a Forest half-back in 1928. And I still have on the playing books two men, Geoff Thomas and Jack Hutchinson, who first played for the Forest twenty years ago; both have played for the first team this season.

This family atmosphere, coupled with the fact that the team has had the same manager for twenty years, gives the players a sense of security, and this in turn has a valuable influence on their play.

I have no time for protocol at the Forest. Whereas the players at some clubs have to make appointments to see their managers, "The Boss" at the Forest has his office close by the players' entrance and they can walk in and air a problem any time they like.

This family spirit, as I call it, is linked closely to team spirit. I go for team players, the loyal, ninety-minute players. I don't need stars. Each of my boys knows that he is a vital part of a soccer machine. I have no time for swelled heads or for fits of depression. Even when the team is going through a bad patch, the players pull each other's legs unmercifully.

Imlach leg-pull

Earlier this season we lost at Arsenal. During the match a spectator threw orange peel at my outside-left, Stewart Imlach. The man was turned out of the ground. Back at the Forest ground the following Monday, as the first team came out for their morning's training, the reserve players hid behind a barrier and pelted Imlach with orange peel.

This sort of fun makes for good team spirit and relieves tensions. Before a vital promotion match at Swansea two seasons ago, the lads were looking a little glum and worried in the hotel at Porthcawl. I borrowed a dirty raincoat, an old trilby hat and a walking stick, and, with my teeth out and my back bent, I doddered into the lounge. For a time the players did not recognize me.

"Look at that poor old so-and-so," one of them said. "Looks like an out-of-work manager." The laugh was on them.

It helps team spirit to make the

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EARTHSHAKER

by ROBERT KREPPS

The passion of Ma

THE Matabele war had started. The British were advancing towards Bulawayo—the kraal of Lobengula, the Matabele king. And among the native warriors, wearing a kilt of leopard tails, was an American named Gabriel Decker. . . .

Decker was in the war by accident. He arrived in Bulawayo, in that year 1893, with the intention of stealing Lobengula's diamonds. But then things got a little mixed up.

Firstly, he had fallen in love with Maria Prinsloo—the English girl whose husband was Cecil Rhodes's agent in Bulawayo. And, secondly, he had conceived a considerable respect for Lobengula himself.

Ernst Prinsloo and the king's half-white secretary, John Jacobs, were also plotting to steal the diamonds. Since Maria discovered how her husband was abusing his trust she had lost all affection for him.

Appointed a captain in Lobengula's army, Decker went off with the warriors to attack the raiding British column. The battle was a tragedy. The Europeans' machine-guns mowed down the natives by the thousand.

Decker took no part in the fighting. He regarded himself as a neutral. But he did help one young Englishman, Peters, back to the safety of his own lines. Then, leaving the field in the early dawn, Decker saw Unondu, one of the native leaders, about to hang himself from a tree.

"Go and tell the Earthshaker that my regiment is a pack of old women," Unondu said with sick rage. Decker saw that there was nothing he could do for Unondu. The man had a wound of which he would die before sundown, in any case. . . .

Decker left him there under the tree and set out for the king's kraal. Neither he nor Unondu said the words of farewell.

PART FIVE

LOBENGULA, King of the Matabele, sat on his big chair under the *indaba* tree. Chaos swirled around him. Men dashed out of the kraal to collect the royal cattle; the fat queens screamed at one another as they selected their choicest goods; warriors shouted threats; fear and excitement dominated everyone.

Lobengula raised his hand to quiet the hubbub, and it would not be stilled. He bellowed, his face malevolent, and gradually the babel subsided. "Now," said the king softly, "tell us how it happened."

Decker nodded. He had run through the gate some time before, straight to the king to gasp out that there had been a mighty defeat.

HE told the king now of the Shangani battle, and of how the guns had roared all night long, and the warriors with profuse and reckless courage had thrown themselves forward to die in thousands. His voice was husky with thirst. "They were brave men," he said, "I never saw braver. But they had no big guns, and so they died."

"They fought well," said the king, "yet they were destroyed. Where are my captains?"

"Unondu hanged himself," said Decker, and the kraal moaned behind him. "The others are scattered, though they were re-forming their regiments, to fight again."

Lobengula fingered his fur-trimmed head-ring. His face was almost placid now that he knew the worst. He said: "Tell Mjana the *impis* of the Imbezu and Induba will march at first light tomorrow. I will speak with him concerning how he is to eat up the English. . . . Bring all the whites who live in Bulawayo so that I may look into their faces. Only Dakwa and my wives remain."

Everyone scuffled off in terror. The great black monarch bent forward and tapped Decker on the arm. "I am too fat, Dakwa. I am too old and slow and fat," he said in a low voice.

Decker did not say anything, because to deny that Lobengula was fat would have been nonsensical.

"I have waited too long," said the king gloomily. "Many years ago I was a great warrior, Dakwa. I ran like a cheetah and leaped like a klipspringer. It was then, as the earliest white men came begging with their hats held between their hands and their eyes full of greed, that I should have risen and slain them. One by one, two by two they came, and I let them live, for I had no quarrel with them. Indeed, I have always liked white men; Dakatela best of all. Why should I kill them? I said, they are few and we are numerous as the stars. But then I looked about one day and there were hundreds of them in my country. So I sent two *indunas* to England to tell me if there were truly others there, and a queen ruling them; and they saw more white men than there are snipe in Matabeleland. Then I knew that I must not war on them, or they would pour in upon me with their big guns."

He lifted a bottle of brandy and took a long swallow. "Now I think if I had killed the first ones it might have discouraged the others. But it is too late. I am fat now, I move slowly; I cannot lead my people into battle. There is no one clever and strong and skilled enough to do it as I could have done it in my youth. I sit here held by my fat and send men who are inferior to me, and it sickens me when I do it."

Decker wondered what he was driving at. The king didn't complain aimlessly.

"Now I see you, Dakwa. I see you hit targets so far away they can scarcely be discerned. I see wisdom in your face, which is a face no longer young, yet not old either. And I say if this white man with his strength and cunning were black, *bakiti!* even if he were a Bechuana or a Mashona, I would make him commander of my *impis* and he should be as myself in the field."

"The king surely flatters me," said Decker uncomfortably. "He does not know me so well."

"Dakwa, there is nothing you have done or said since you crossed my borders which has not been reported to me," said Lobengula. "So I send you now with Mjana, who is my best servant; and if he reports well of you in battle, then you will be my general for war. It would be a new, strange thing to have a white general. *Ehe*, you will stalk among the heaped bodies of the enemy, and people will point to you, saying, 'There is Lobengula's shield, there is Dakwa, the assegai of the king.'"

He leaned back in the chair. "Now leave me; go to that hut I show you, lie down and sleep. I will send you water to wash yourself, and beer and beef. In the morning you will go back against the English."

"I would like to speak with the woman of Prinsloo," said Decker.

"Is she your woman? Is it true you commit adultery with her?"

"No!"

"If you wish to do it after the war is done, you must kill Prinsloo first. Adultery is not allowed here," said the king rather primly. "But now go, do not speak with the white woman; for your mind must be full only of war, and killing, and the glory of the Matabele. Go."

Decker walked off, mouthing dreadful curses under his breath. Half-way across the open ground he saw some white people entering the gate: Ernst and a couple of men he did not recognize, and Jacobs, and Maria. He glanced back at Lobengula, who waved his arm commandingly. Decker went on to the hut. He flung himself down on the fur karosses within. In three minutes he had fallen asleep.

Maria was loading and saddling Bomvu. Deadhead was helping, walking now and then between her feet and almost upsetting her, sitting down on things just as she was about to pick them up.

There was little to pack. Thieves had broken into the hut and stolen most of her belongings, together with Gabe's Winchester, blankets, saddle scabbards and his smaller goods. All that she had left of his were the pocket-knife, the money, the shotgun and the saddlebags.

USHER and Jimmy Fairbairn, the two traders, were to be left here to wait for the approaching English under the protection of an *induna*. But when Maria had asked the king to let her stay too, he had smiled and shaken his head. "You will be safer with us, *umfazi*. I will give you a personal guard of five soldiers."

Ernst was going too; he'd told the king that he wanted to work for him, not for Rhodes. Whether Lobengula believed that was problematical.

A week had passed, possibly more, since Gabe had left with the *impis*. Then runners had staggered in with news of a second battle, on the banks of the Bembezi, in which thousands of Matabele had been slain. Lobengula, who seemed to have had a presentiment of it, had already assembled his herds and had his treasures loaded on a dozen wagons. Now the first of those wagons was rolling down the slope, and all Bulawayo was streaming after it.

She flung the saddlebags over the cantle and mounted the red horse. Deadhead looked at her, expectant; she snapped her fingers and the dog jumped up before her. She rode out of the royal kraal for the last time.

Slowly the mass of warriors, cattle, women, children, goats and dogs stretched out across the plain, their faces to the north. In the lead wagon rode Lobengula; beside it marched a troop of men with assegais in their hands. Just behind, surrounded by her guards, came Maria, and after her Ernst and John Jacobs. The men were laughing and joking together. They did not speak to Maria, though she felt they were staring intently at her.

BY nightfall the people of Lobengula had put seven miles behind. They camped, roasted oxen, and some of them danced the truculent steps of war; but the king sat alone in his wagon and wept over his brandy for the loss of Bulawayo and the downfall of his proudest armies. They said that half a thousand of the Imbezu alone had perished at the Bembezi.

He sat wakeful all night long, watching for the couriers who limped in to bring him news.

"What of Mjana?" he asked each one, and heard over and over that Mjana was unwounded, that he was gathering the army together, that he would fight again. What of this one and that one, he would ask, and finally: "What of my white man, Dakwa?"

"We have not seen him, Lord."

"Go and sleep," he would say; until at last, just after dawn, one said: "Black Bull, I know of Dakwa."

"Speak. Did he fight? Was he in front of the battle?"

"*Au*, he went in like a wild beast. When we charged, and were hurled back, he raged up and down before us, crying out that we must throw away our guns and attack with the spears; but the captains would not tell us to do the same. Then the firing grew heavy, and some of our men began to retreat. So Dakwa shouted in a mighty voice, 'Lobengula did not order you to run away!' and the cowards returned. Lord," the man said, "there are two thousand corpses on the bank of the Bembezi who were once your warriors."

"And is Dakwa dead?" asked Lobengula, distressed.

"*Yebo*, I saw him as I came from the field. He lay in a dry donga, with much blood on his chest and his big hat over his face. I wished to stab him, for he was a brave man, although white; but his servant sat beside his body and drove me away with Dakwa's little gun that is made of an elephant's tooth. So Dakwa's spirit will wander because his guts were not slit open, and I am sorry. He fought well," said the runner. "Even with fever on him, Dakwa raged like a lion."

The king leaned back against the tilt-pole of the wagon. He saw Maria standing by the wheel. "You heard?"

"I heard."

"Did you love this man Dakwa?" asked the king sympathetically. He

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

ria Prinsloo

For Lobengula, they said, her lover had died. Yet she would help him still—if he would heed her warning

Earthshaker

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did not approve of adultery, but the woman was his longtime friend.

"That is my own concern, King," she said, and turned away.

Fragments of regiments joined them throughout the next day, and more came during the days that followed. Slowly the hundreds grew into thousands, until by the time they reached the mission post of Shiloh the scattered *impis* had united and the fugitive community had become the fugitive Matabele nation.

They stayed at Shiloh for two days, eating and resting. More troops straggled in, and last of all came Mjana with his captains, fatigued and glowering. "Why has the Great Buffalo left his town?" he asked angrily. At the Bembezi River he had taken part in the most terrible fight the Matabele had ever known, had seen his two finest regiments all but annihilated. "Why does he run like a frightened hare?"

"The English, in fleeing from Mjana, came so close to the kraal that I was afraid they would be injured by my old women," said Lobengula sarcastically. "I therefore, loving the English, withdrew in order to save them."

Mjana sighed. "We fought very well, King."

"I know. But you have seen that the rolling guns cannot be overcome. We are going beyond the Zambezi, to conquer the Barotse."

"Well," said Mjana, brightening, "that will be sweet."

"What of Dakwa?" asked the king.

The induna passed a hand across his mouth. "He has eaten."

Lobengula said: "I had heard it."

The first rain of the season came to Shiloh that day, a cool steady drizzle; and from it emerged three Kaffirs with a white flag and a letter from Dr. Jameson. Prinsloo and Jacobs were called to read it. It was very long, but the pith was in one sentence. *To stop this useless slaughter you must at once come to see me at Bulawayo, where I will guarantee that your life will be safe. . . .*

"It is a trap," said Ernst Prinsloo. He was standing not ten yards from the sacred wagon which carried the treasure, and he was not going to allow it within reach of those *skelems* of Volunteers.

"It is a trap," concurred Mjana.

LOBENGULA said: "Write," to Jacobs, who scrawled hastily in English without much attention to his grammar:

I have the honour to inform you that I have received your letter and have heard all what you has said, so I will come. But allowed me to ask you were all my men who I have sent to the Cape? And if I do come were will I get a house for me as all my houses is burn down, and also as soon as my men come which I have sent then I will come and you must please be so kind and sent me ink and pens and paper.

I am, yours, &c.,

King Lobengula

Lobengula marked his X upon the paper. Then, as the deceptive message went back to Dakatela, the wagons were hurriedly inspanned and the nation launched out into the north.

Slowly they pressed ahead; the rains went on, and hardships increased as the rivers grew fat with water. The massive, compact mob of people began to fray at the edges, the weakest strayed off to the sides and were lost, or fell behind in a lengthening tail which continually left dying segments of itself along the road.

Food was scant and bad. Trek oxen and beef cattle were attacked by lungsickness, died and were eaten; dysentery invaded the regiments, fever took the women, the few children died of exhaustion. Smallpox broke out, and those sufferers who could walk were forced into a kind of rough quarantine, making their way along the route some hundred yards to the right.

The wagons now moved foot by foot, bogged in a thick paste of soil and rain. Their bullocks died, their axles split, they fell into dongas and burst apart. They were twelve, then nine, then six; four held the king's ivory, one his household goods, and one himself, his paramount queen, and his iron safes.

Another rig tilted off a steep bank at the Gwamba River and was smashed on the rocks below. Lobengula had the ivory from it divided among those that were left, jettisoning his pots for which there was no beer, his motheaten lion hides, his European bed in which he never slept, and his wooden throne.

Every belly had shrunk save Lobengula's. In the days when nothing was found to eat but roots and grass and a little fruit, he crammed himself with the beef that was stored in his wagon. He must keep his strength and bulk, for he was the hope of the nation. It was a joy to them all to see him fat.

SOMEHOW the enormous concentration of suffering people reached the Amakosikazi kraal. They rested for a day, and here Lobengula decided that the remaining women, including his own, must stay with the smallpox victims who had not recovered.

"When we have made a kingdom, I shall send for you," he promised. A few of them pleaded to go on; he shrugged and nodded. If they wished to die they might die. Losikeyi was one. Nomvimbi, the unmarried sister of a lesser queen and sometimes mistress of Prinsloo, was another.

He called Maria to him, apart from the crowd. "You have been my friend," he said abruptly. "You have always given me the word that is reliable. I was keeping you for Dakwa." She looked sharply at him, but did not answer. "It is well known that he cared for you, and even rumoured that he was your lover; though I do not believe this, for Dakwa said it was not so, and he had eyes as unswerving as yours. Now I will tell you another thing. Your husband looks with greed at my shining stones and ivory. He intends to steal them. You did not know this——"

"I knew it."

Lobengula was startled. "And you hid it from me?"

"I would have stopped him if he had tried to get them."

"*Lembala*, I think you would." He laughed with satisfaction. "I had hoped that Dakwa would return to kill Prinsloo, and that was why I let the Boer accompany us. It would have been a thing to watch. But now Dakwa is dead; and I must have Prinsloo killed, or send him away. I ask you," he said quietly, "which shall I do? If I kill him, you are rid of one who is less a man than yourself. You will have to go back now, *umfazi*, since Dakwa will not be joining us, and if

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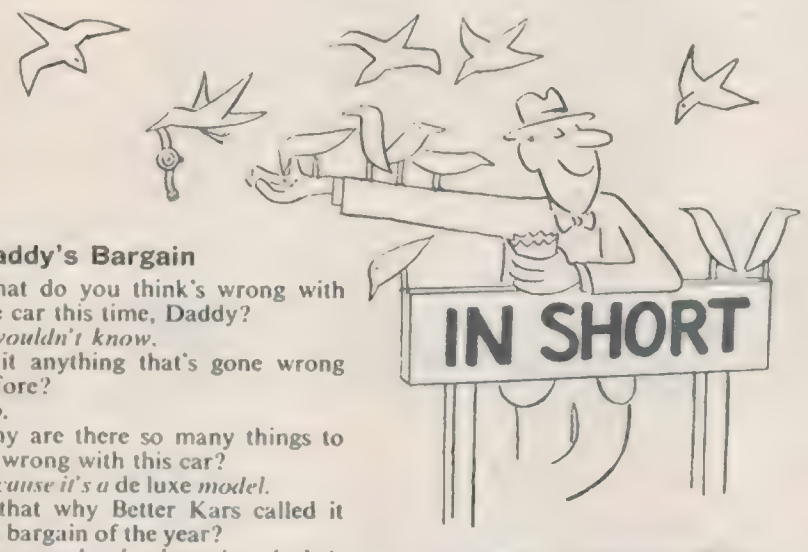


Daddy's Bargain

What do you think's wrong with the car this time, Daddy?
I wouldn't know.
Is it anything that's gone wrong before?
No.
Why are there so many things to go wrong with this car?
Because it's a de luxe *model.*
Is that why Better Kars called it the bargain of the year?
They made the bargain of their lives with me.
Do you think it really belonged to a millionaire?
One with an oil well, I shouldn't wonder, the amount of petrol it uses.
Mummy's not too keen on cars, is she?
Mummy prefers holidays.
We'd sooner make sacrifices, wouldn't we?
That's it, Mr. Longears.
Because how else could we have got a car with a radio and an air conditioner and a cigar lighter and a cocktail shaker and flower vases and——
I can remember quite well, thanks.
Are you having another go with the starter? The engine still seems beautifully tight.
!!!****!!!
What did you say, Daddy? I didn't hear what you said.
I said the engine is still beautifully tight.
I don't think it's going to start today, do you, Daddy?
How about shutting up for a minute? Go and find something else to do.
Would you like me to pick some flowers for the vases? We might as well use the vases, mightn't we? I said would you like me to pick some flowers for. . . .

LIONEL DAVIDSON

Herbert The Gardener

Where is Herbert? As like as not
Peering out of a flower-pot.

Herbert, every single day,
When other boys
went out to play,
Would take his little spade and hoe
And out into the garden go,
Where, sifting earth
and planting seeds,
And thinning out, and pulling weeds,
He pruned and cut
and snipped and sheared;
And when a little plant appeared
That he all by himself had grown,
(Whose tiny seeds himself had sown),
He was transported with delight.
He talked of it from
morn till night,
He bored his family to tears,
Gesticulating with his shears,
And holding forth in lordly tone
As if the magic were his own.

"That boy," his father used to say,
"Will go and plant
himself one day."

And that, it seems, is what occurred;
(Or so his family inferred),
When, having planted
bulbs all day
He did not, in his usual way,
Return when it was time for bed.
He quietly disappeared, instead.

But where IS Herbert?
One hardly knows.
It all depends on the way he grows.
With any luck he's about to bloom
In the copper bowl
in the dining-room.

GERTRUDE MONRO HIGGS

Chequemate

When each Friday my Love
shares my pay-cheque,
Her object is never in doubt;
With speed past believing she
straightway gets weaving
Until she has spun herself out.
By Monday fresh capital's
called for,
And here I am bound
to respond,
For there's no dividend to
investments, dear friend,
That you risk in a premium
blonde!

A. KENNEDY

Sally And The Dentist

Sally gave me such a stiff smile when I met her yesterday that I thought I must have offended her, but it was just that she'd been to her new dentist and was still "frozen."

Torture wasn't in it, she muttered out of the corner of her mouth, so I said how awful and had it hurt? Sally was shocked and said oh no, he was a simply marvellous find; unlike the brutes who believed pain was good for you he'd give not only an injection, but a pre-injection so that the injection shouldn't hurt.

What was more, he didn't fill his waiting-room with grisly moral diagrams showing what happened unless you brushed your teeth.

And he'd fixed a tank of tropical fish bang in front of the patient's eyes, as something restful and escapist to look at instead of those shining clinical monsters which stood round her chair, waiting to get her.

I wanted to know where the torture came in, and Sally said it was mental, not physical, and they all did it more or less. They *would* talk with *her* mouth open, so that she could only grunt in reply. Which was all right if they kept to the weather or cricket, but this one first jacked up her mouth and then *asked questions*, which was agony, and by the time he'd ungagged her she'd forgotten the answers.

Sally said she'd come away so bottled up with unspoken words that she really needed someone to let them all out on. And did I know of a good psychiatrist ?

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

LIONEL DAVIDSON makes a personal call on

DONALD CAMPBELL

The man with a ghost in the cockpit

Donald Campbell with his third wife, cabaret singer Tonia Bern, whom he married last Christmas Eve. "We've taken each other as we are," he says

A MILE or two out of Reigate, down a winding country lane, the roar of spring is in the air. Bees buzz, mowers mow, gardeners prune—nowhere more intensively than in the twelve-acre grounds of a fine, newly occupied mansion.

This is the home of Mr. Donald Campbell, C.B.E.—and Mr. Campbell is a man who likes plenty of action. He got married in December, went on honeymoon in January, moved into the house in February, and out of it again in April, for a month's trip to America.

Now he is back—to plan some even livelier action on a lake in Cumberland with his old and well-tried partner, Bluebird.

At thirty-eight, Donald Campbell counts himself the happiest of men. Holder of the world speed record on water, almost certainly the next world champion on land, he has found fame, fortune and love. It has not always been like this. Behind him lie two wrecked marriages and a wrecked boat, and much disappointment.

Dufferish at school, and handicapped by a faulty heart, he lived until he was twenty-eight in the shadow of his famous father, Sir Malcolm Campbell—who had outlined a very different career for him. Installed at eighteen in a City office, Campbell junior seemed destined to go through life in the physically undemanding rôle of an insurance broker.

The qualities that have enabled him to rise to the top in his present dangerous occupation appear to be: unusual courage, a mystical approach to life, and the perhaps unconscious desire to cap his father's achievements.

Since 1955, when he first broke the record with a speed of 202·32 miles per hour, he has felt compelled each year to go faster. Last year he achieved a speed of 248·6 m.p.h. This year he means to do 275, and next three hundred.

I said: "Just why do you go on breaking your own record?"

"Research, old boy." Campbell was seated in an armchair, filling his pipe. We were in his pleasant, ground-floor study, with wide windows open to the garden.

"You actually feel yourself on a scientific mission when you roar off in Bluebird?"

"Certainly."

"Aren't you frightened?"

"Very frightened, very often. You learn to control your fear and use it as a factor of

I call on Donald Campbell

continued from previous page

safety. It's a highly dangerous game. It's killed a lot of people."

"Are you prepared for a quick, violent death yourself?"

Campbell looked at me over the flame of a match. "No. How can I be? You can't imagine your own death. Oh, I reckon I've experienced the unpleasant preliminaries . . . that ghastly churning in the stomach. But you can't visualize it as ending in your own death. There always seems to be something you can do about it. That's what occupies your mind.

High speed error

"On a run up the lake last year, for instance, something went wrong at about two hundred miles an hour. At that speed, water's solid. It felt as if I was in a car on a greasy road with the wheels locked in tramlines. Yank her round, nothing happens. Yank, yank, yank like hell and suddenly—wham!—she's up, out, slipping, sliding, out of control, right out of control, all at two hundred miles an hour. Well, why? What's causing this? That's what I've got to think about—see what I mean?"

"Do you get used to being frightened? Can you recognize the finer shades of fear?"

"I reckon so."

"Is it death itself that's so frightening? And would you say it's less frightening now than ten years ago?"

Campbell began to light his pipe again, and let the match go out, thinking about it. "I don't know. I expect you get used to thinking: *well, here it is, it's coming, it's coming pretty quick, I'm going to meet my Maker now.* But you've got to accept all that or pack it in. It's part of the game."

"Are you a religious man?"

"Yes. I've got a devout belief in the existence of the Almighty and in the undying spirit."

"I understand you think your father's spirit saved your life on at least two occasions."

"I couldn't say it was my father's spirit. I might like to believe it. What I do say is that catastrophe was averted on some specific occasions by some inexplicable agency."

There came a knock at the door, and his wife appeared.

She paused in the doorway. "Oh, I'm sorry—I'm interrupting."

"You could never interrupt, darling."

"But you're discussing business."

"We'd sooner discuss you. Come and meet Mr. Davidson."

She came into the room, smiling, a tall, handsome young woman with a blonde urchin cut and bold, dark eyebrows. She is twenty-eight years old, Belgian-born, a cabaret singer, who speaks with an accent. She had turned down seven millionaires before accepting Campbell.

Swishing skirt

He introduced us and they stood smiling at each other. She was wearing a grey silk dress and lacy black stockings. After a few moments, she said she was going.

"Stay and talk to us," Campbell urged her.

"No. I *won't* interrupt. I'm going. I'm gone," she announced with finality, and departed with a swish of grey skirt and twinkle of black stockings. He gazed after her fondly.

With some difficulty I dragged my mind back to the interview. I said: "How did you become a speed champion? Did your father leave you Bluebird?"

"No, he didn't," said Campbell shortly. "It was part of his estate. I had to buy her out of it."

"Did he leave you a rich man?"

"No."

"I'd heard he left a hundred and eighty thousand pounds — eighty thousand of it to you. Was it on trust?"

"On trust to the point where I was in receipt of something like ten pounds a week. Not my idea of the way to leave a will. Bluebird was just so much scrap, really. It was laid up in a yard without an engine."

"Had your father meant you to carry on with his work?"

"Good gracious, no. I'd had rheumatic fever at school and it had left me with a wonky heart. He got me a job at Lloyd's as a clerk at a pound a week. I wasn't too crazy about that. When the war started I managed to bluff my way into the R.A.F., but they found out about me when I was up for flying training and kicked me out. I went into a factory and learned engineering, and after the war I started a business with two partners making woodworking machinery.

"It was a good business. It grew and prospered and had a very reasonable export trade. That was the situation when Father died.

"It wasn't till the American shipping magnate, Henry Kaiser, announced an attempt on Father's water speed record that we thought we'd have a go, too."

"Who's we?"

"Oh, I always think in terms of we with my old friend, Leo Villa, who was Father's right-hand man. He's the grandest, staunchest friend a man ever had, bless his heart. We've been together since I was born."

"Had you ever piloted a boat at speed?"

"No. Naturally there were the gloomiest forebodings, sniggers and so forth. One heard people saying things like, 'What's the young fool think he's up to?' Oh, I was blind to such things in those days. I was twenty-eight. I knew I would either fall flat on my face or end up standing on my feet.

"When I went out in the boat for the first time, I frightened the life out of myself. There was the hideous noise of it, the terrifying speed, the way the thing slid and skidded over the water. You know, at speed the lake seems to narrow. You appear to be aiming the nose through a gap about an inch wide. I thought I'd had it several times that year."

"You didn't break any records?"

"I didn't. An American did—Stanley Sayers. We got the news when we were up at Coniston in our second season. He did a hundred and sixty point something. Few people believed Bluebird could do anything like that. So by degrees, you know, one after another of our party dropped out. In the end only old Leo and myself were left."

There was a shuffling at the door. Campbell got up and opened it. A large woolly black dog wandered into the room. "Maxie, old friend!" Campbell said with pleasure. "Ah, got to take things a bit easy now, haven't you, dear old boy?

"Rising ten and getting a bit—you know," he said significantly. He had turned his head from the intelligent-looking animal and was speaking in an undertone. "Forgets whether he's had his dinner. Damn near walked into the fire the other night. Kidneys, you know. Just kept going by streptomycin, the dear, loyal old chap."

Years of work gone

Campbell greatly prizes the virtues of staunchness and loyalty, and is apt to attribute them to anyone he likes. He sat down, nuzzling the dog's head.

I said: "Were you beginning to lose confidence yourself at this point?"

"Me?" Campbell looked up in astonishment. For the first time a certain blimpish quality showed about his eye. "Certainly not. It made me more bloody-minded than ever. Same with old Leo. We kept at it. We learned a lot. And next season we finally made it.

"I'll never forget it. It was nineteen fifty-one—a day in October. We came hurtling down the lake at a hundred and seventy miles an hour—well over the record speed. Old Leo had built himself a little cockpit beside me. I looked at him and he looked at me. I thought: *it can't be true.*

"And then suddenly there was the most almighty crash you've ever heard in your life. We'd hit a submerged sleeper—at the very moment of success. Sank. Had to be fished out. And that was it—three years of hard work, all that money, time, dedication, all gone."

"I couldn't sleep at night. I just couldn't sleep," Campbell said. "It seemed as if something had got into my system and wouldn't come out. There was no hope of getting a backer for a new boat. John Cobb had just entered the field with his jet boat Crusader, with a potential of well over two hundred miles an hour."

"How did you get backing?"

Campbell puffed quietly for a moment. "John was killed," he said. "He blew up in his boat."

"Did that make it easier?"

"Well, in a way. But a big snag was that everyone began talking about the hoodoo of two hundred miles an hour and the so-called water barrier that operated at that speed. The reaction was: Cobb has been killed by this water barrier—why should anyone else want to meddle?"

I said: "That seems a sensible enough question. What was the point?"

"Because the barrier was there. I know that sounds corny—but think of the sound barrier in the air. There's no sound barrier now because we got through it. But it claimed a lot of fine men ten years ago. All mankind's endeavours are like that—a series of barriers that have to be knocked down.

Clash in business

"Anyway, we got support. We entrusted the design of the boat to the Norris brothers. They joined forces to start a design business of their own, and I went in with them."

"Are you in it still?"

"Oh, yes. It's a sizeable business."

"And you're still with the woodworking firm?"

"No. I had a disagreement with my partners and sold out in nineteen fifty-three. It would have been impossible to continue with it, anyway. Until 'fifty-five I was running about all over the country. Oh, it was hideous!"

"Is that when you started having trouble with your second wife?"

I had heard that his first wife, a ballet dancer, had divorced him in 1951, and that his second wife, a New Zealand actress, had begun to grow restive in

Everybody's Puzzling

BRAIN TEASERS by Fred Borders

FRED BORDERS, a sixty-one year old taxi driver, achieved fame last year by his mental arithmetic, which won him £1,000 in Hughie Green's quiz show, Double Your Money. Married to a French-born wife, Suzanne, and with four married daughters, he lives in Stockwell, London. His inventions include a noughts and crosses machine that never makes a mistake.

Mr. Luck is an eccentric millionaire who owns a large tract of land in Australia. Only one rough road runs east and west past his house. He decided to set up mile posts along this road.

Being eccentric, he put white posts along the road to the east, the first at 1 mile from his house, the second at 2 miles from the first, the third at 3 miles beyond the second, and so on. Each post is numbered according to its order.

Along the road to the west he put red posts. Again, the first post at 1 mile from home, the second 3 miles from the first, the third 5 miles from the second, the fourth 7 miles from the third, the distance between the posts increasing by two miles each time. Again the posts are numbered in their order.

How can Mr. Luck rapidly calculate how far he is from home at any post?

QUIZZLE

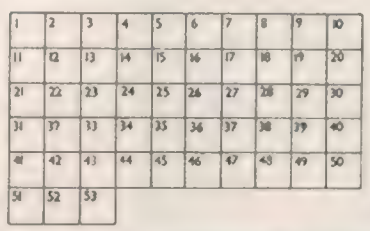
The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

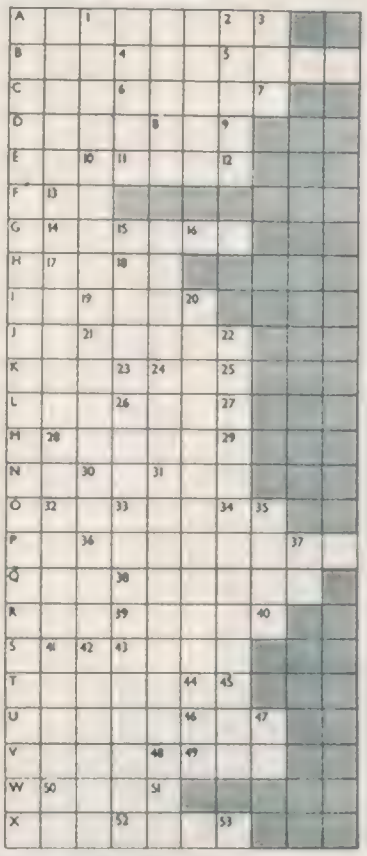
CLUE DOWN

A. The Rt. Hon. Derick Heathcoat Amory. (10, 2, 3, 9).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Surname.
B. Region behind coast or river line.
C. An appendix or addition.
D. Buff coloured cotton cloth.
E. Mobile living wagon.
F. To supplement.
G. Eastern disease.
H. Egyptian or Indian water lily.
I. 16 pages of printing paper.
J. Loose curl.
K. God of music and song.
L. Bright young thing of 40 years ago.
M. Walk or bank on raised level.
N. Pipe attachment to a water main.
O. Came forth.
P. Impudence.
Q. Musical instrument of wooden bars played with hammers.
R. Ancient monument of a flat stone on uprights.
S. One of unauthorized or unorthodox beliefs.
T. Kind of grass used for paper making.
U. In mathematics, the number of times one quantity is contained in another.
V. Entire system of created things.
W. Boredom.
X. Clerical residence.





NOW TURN TO PAGE 26 FOR THE ANSWERS

1954. In that year, when he was home, Campbell would run through on a cinematograph the film of Cobb's last record attempt, carefully slowing down the film to watch the boat disintegrating.

After sitting through it, petrified, some two hundred times, his wife had said to a friend: "I'm beginning to wonder what sort of a marriage this is. I don't know whether I'm married to a man or a boat." She left him in 1956, and they were divorced the following year.

Campbell took his pipe out of his mouth. "Ah, women," he said. "Women don't go too well with this kind of life.

"Gets to the point where you've got to decide between her and your work. Just too bad. Got to get on with the job. So there you are. You get the sack. I've had the sack twice."

Mutual agreement

"Have you got an understanding about work with your present wife?"

"Tonia?" Campbell smiled. "Ah, Tonia's different. We've taken each other as we are. Neither of us had any idea of getting married — complete career boy and girl, that was us, absolutely determined to concentrate on our individual efforts."

"Will you concentrate less on them now?"

"We'll try to work in with each other. For instance, I had to go to America to make arrangements for the land speed record attempt. So I planned the trip for April to coincide with a two-week singing engagement Tonia had in New York."

"About the land speed record, your reported aim is to achieve four hundred miles an hour. How are your plans going?"

"Pretty well. The car's in bits all over the country. The Norris brothers have been at work on the design for over three years, and so have Dunlop's with the tyres."

"Is there something special about the tyres?"

"And how!"

"Do you expect to go much beyond four hundred?"

Campbell smiled. "Might do. Sorry to be so secretive. The Russians might be having a go, also Mercedes. All I can say about the car is that it is thirty feet long, powered by a Bristol Proteus jet with drive to all four wheels. It has no gears and rather special brakes."

"You've had no experience of driving a car at high speed. How do you know you can?"

Campbell stroked his slightly lined, plumping face. "It isn't easy to explain. . . . You see, for this kind of work the qualities of a conventional racing motorist aren't needed. It demands a new kind of animal, just as the car is a new animal.

"Try to understand this. We know what speed the machine is capable of—that kind of guesswork is cut out. We feed into it the speed we want. We feed into it the actual rate of acceleration we want. The limiting factor is the endurance of the components. Now even at the moment we know that the tyres will endure five hundred miles an hour."

"Does this kind of component-testing apply to the boat, too? What is it you'll be trying to find out with Bluebird this year?"

"A number of things—one of them, of course, being just what is the maximum speed attainable on a surface such as water. This year I want to do two-seventy-five and next year three hundred. The absolute limit, I reckon, is somewhere round those figures. I want to find out what that limit is."

"And stay this side of it?"

"If I can," Campbell said seriously.

I said: "All this work of yours in the past ten years—is it of any real use to anyone?"

"Of course it is. We've made possible a new type of offensive naval craft which could operate at speeds of around a hundred knots. Beyond that, we've produced a whole mass of information relating to friction, surfaces in water, the validity of certain techniques and so forth.

"Then there's the academic side—in other words, pure knowledge that is possibly of no interest to anyone at the moment but that might very well be. For instance, submarine travel in the future. As to the car, of course, there'll be a great deal more."

"Apart from the scientific reasons you have advanced, don't you also break records for the sheer sake of breaking them?"

"Well, of course, that's one of the main goals. I don't think one need be ashamed of it. In breaking a record, you take mankind a step forward. You extend the limits—however slightly—of what man can do. You also focus attention on your own country, and that certainly isn't a bad thing. The more that any one nation can achieve, up goes its stock."

Future for subs

"Is there any immediate peaceful application of your work? Have you learned anything that could make liners cross the sea at very high speeds?"

"I don't think liners will ever go at greater speeds than they're capable of now. Submarines are the thing for the future."

Through the open window the musical voice of Miss Bern could be heard raised in greeting. More visitors had arrived to see the man who aims to take mankind a step forward this season.

We went outside. Acres of park-like lawn, fringed by woodland, surrounded the house—the magnificent possessions of a man who has won them by always being prepared to lose everything.

As I left, another paradox hit the eye. Outside the garage stood two splendid motor cars, His and Hers. Inside, taking up every inch of space, was another vehicle; out of her element, perhaps, but indubitably worthy of her place. Bluebird, the provider of these golden years in the life of Donald Campbell, snugly awaited her date with a Cumberland lake and, perhaps, history.

THE END

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How I got the Forest to Wembley

continued from page 19

fewest possible changes in the side. On recent form, two Forest players were barely worth their places. I was advised to drop them, but I refused. "We're winning our matches," I said. "The team is happy. Changes now would be disastrous."

The other players always know when one man has a bad spell, and if he is replaced they are all inclined to think: "It'll be my turn next." So the whole team starts to worry about its future.

A manager has to study the psychology of his team. In my playing days for Aston Villa and England, my father, who had played for Wolves, said to me after every match: "I've seen you play better, lad." Most players react better to praise.

But there are times when I have to threaten the team. At the start of this season, the Forest played brilliant, short-passing, quick-moving football on dry grounds, but when the mud came just before Christmas they began to lose matches.

I told them to hit the ball harder.

Gentlemanly Soccer

For a match or two they seemed to ignore the instruction, and I told them that they would soon be in the reserves. We won the next match.

At the Forest I have tried to build a team of intelligent players who play what I call cultured football. When I joined the club in 1938, its league and financial positions were poor. By 1950 a number of short-term, get-promotion-quick policies had not paid off, and we slumped into the Third Division. I decided that only a long-term plan of building a side of First Division quality would pay off.

A team's style of play generally gives a clear indication of the league in which it performs. There are sides which play Fourth Division football, and those which play Third, Second or First Division football; and with one or two exceptions most teams remain in one league, unless they change their style of play.

On this philosophy I decided, while still in the Third Division, to build a First Division side, playing not tough, killer football, but intelligent, gentlemanly football.

In two years we were back in the Second Division. Two seasons later we narrowly missed promotion to the First Division. For two more years luck was against us in the promotion race, but we finally made it in 1957.

Eddie Baily, the former England inside-forward, now with Leyton Orient, played a key rôle in our fight for promotion. Four of the most important positions on the soccer field are the wing-halves and the inside-forwards. Four years ago, I lacked a polished inside-left, and I bought Baily from Port Vale. Half Nottingham said that I was mad and that I had brought a bald-headed has-been to the Forest.

But the critics were wrong. Baily had not been a success at Port Vale because he had played First Division football with a fundamentally Third Division side. With the Forest he welded the forward line into an unbeatable combination.

It is an important part of a manager's job to see potentialities in players which nobody else sees. A few years ago, I bought another so-called has-been, Doug Lishman, from the Arsenal, and I was widely criticized by Forest supporters. But Lishman, who cost very little in transfer fees, did valuable service, and in a vital promotion game scored a hat-trick.

Last year I went to Sunderland and surprised many people by buying a full-back, Joe McDonald, from a team which had conceded more goals than any other in the First Division.

"That's not the way to strengthen the Forest's defence," the pundits said.

But I saw that McDonald was an intelligent full-back, the type who would not belt the ball up the field but would start attacking movements.

I was right. Joe is now acknowledged to be one of the finest full-backs playing in the First Division.

The idle winger

When he was with Chelsea and Burnley, Billy Gray was a winger. This season at the Forest I have turned him into an inside-forward. A winger spends a good part of any game idle, waiting for the ball to come to him. Gray, I realized, likes a lot of the ball. He has been remarkably successful.

At sixty-one, I find more and more people asking me when I shall retire. I have thought about it many times. I told myself once that when I put Forest back in the First Division I would bow out of the game. The six years in the promotion race played havoc with my health.

I'm told that weekends at home with me are dull at the best of times, because I retire into a corner to cogitate over Saturday's game. During the promotion race Saturday evenings and Sundays were downright depressing for the rest of the family.

But when I came face to face with the prospect of retirement in 1957 I could not bear to think of it. Soccer gets into a man's blood.

When my boys go on the field, I go out there with them. A game exhausts me as much as it does them.

In our promotion year we played an important match at Swansea. Vetch Field, a crowded ground, has an atmosphere which you find nowhere else. We won a hard game by two goals to one. When people came to the board room to congratulate me afterwards, they could not find me. I was exhausted and dripping with perspiration—and I was with the rest of the team under the showers.

Almost certainly, I shall be under the showers again at Wembley.

Which team will win? Because I believe that the polished teams win through in the end, I have always placed bets at the start of the Cup-tie season on the six most skilful teams in the leagues. Through the years this system has paid off handsomely.

This season my own team was among the selected six.

Luton wasn't.

THE END

Answers to Everybody's Puzzling

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASERS

At any white post he must multiply its number by the next greater number and divide by 2, e.g., at the 10th post he is $\frac{10 \times 11}{2} = 55$ miles from home. At any red post he merely squares the number of that post, e.g., at the 10th red post his distance from home is 100 miles.

Here is the answer to the second question set by Fred Borders in last weeks's Everybody's:

In the first case the relative speeds of the trains was the sum of their speeds; in the second case it was the difference between their speeds: If we call the speed of an electric train, E yards per second and of the goods train, G yards per second and the combined length of two trains 440 yards, we get $\frac{440}{E+G}=15$ and $\frac{440}{E-G}=25$. Hence $15E+15G=25E-25G$. Hence $E=4G$. Also $440=75G$, hence $G=\frac{88}{15}$ yards per second.

Therefore a goods train train travels at 12 miles per hour, aud an electric train at 48 miles per hour.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree, damned from here to Eternity.—*Kipling.*

Clue Down: Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Clues Across: (A) Cognomen; (B) Hinterland; (C) Addendum; (D) Nankeen; (E) Caravan; (F) Eke; (G) Leprosy; (H) Lotus; (I) Octavo; (J) Ringlet; (K) Orpheus; (L) Flapper; (M) Terrace; (N) Hydrant; (O) Emanated; (P) Effrontery; (Q) Xylophone; (R) Cromlech; (S) Heretic; (T) Esparto; (U) Quotient; (V) Universe; (W) Ennui; (X) Rectory.

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Douglas Unsworth shows the plans to David before they start the assembly

Now–the build-it-yourself CARAVAN

A new self-assembly kit turns caravan construction into a high speed job which any handyman can tackle

It took one day to complete the shell assembly. Here, David waves Mr. Unsworth on his way with the finished job

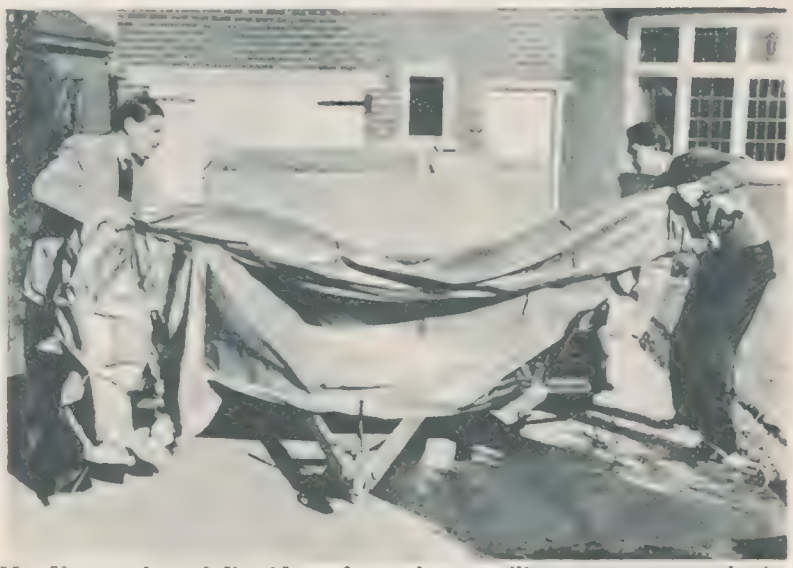
In 1953 I took the family on a caravan holiday. The family loved it, and so did I except for a few technical hitches like having to sleep in a bunk designed for a rigid dwarf and washing-up in a sink a size smaller than the soup tureen. This experience made me caravan-conscious and I have been observing caravans ever since.

A few weeks ago I peered furtively into the window of a caravan parked in the yard of a Warwickshire hotel and found myself gazing straight into the face of the owner who was sitting quietly inside peering out. To end this unexpected staring match he very civilly invited me in for a closer look.

It was a roomy caravan with an unusual interior plan, a spacious kitchen and sleeping accommodation for five. The owner, who now introduced himself as Mr. Douglas Unsworth, of Sandbach, Cheshire, told me that, with his family, he towed the caravan last summer behind his car on a 1,300-mile trek through the Lake District, the Trossachs and then as far north as Peterhead in Aberdeenshire. The route included three ferry crossings and many hazards. It was really a trial trip, he added. The caravan was a prototype which he had designed and, to a large extent, made himself. Now, through his own old-established family coachbuilding firm he proposed to put it on the market in kit form, as Britain's first do-it-yourself caravan.

I was interested in Mr. Unsworth's enterprise. Of the three million people in Britain who now choose caravan holidays only a small proportion are caravan owners. But many more would be glad to own their own family vans if the initial cost could be substantially reduced. The do-it-yourself movement has produced a new army of handymen able to tackle and enjoy the job of caravan building with time-saving preformed sections. A chance to design the interior arrangement of the caravan and make individual fixtures and fittings could be an added attraction as well as a money-saver. Mr. Unsworth's scheme offered all these possibilities.

Finally I arranged to visit Sandbach



Mr. Unsworth and David perform the unveiling ceremony, stripping off the waterproof sheet with which the kit is covered for transport. The chassis is fitted with over-run and hand parking brake mechanism

Assembling the caravan shell is a one-day job

with my handyman son David and try out the assembly operations for ourselves. The photographs on these pages were taken on that visit and show the principal stages in the assembly of the shell—a job which we found it possible to complete in a single day.

The finished job is basically a holiday caravan for five, but it could, fairly simply, be converted into a living van. It is 17 ft. long, 7 ft. 3 in. wide, weighs 21 cwt., is suitable for towing by a car of 15 h.p. or over, but could, in easy country, be towed by a 12- to 14-h.p. car. The chassis has a carrying capacity of 25 cwt., and is delivered completely assembled, with wheels and braking system. The shell is in ten sections and the assembly can be handled easily by one reasonably skilled handyman and an assistant.

The shell alone, without any interior equipment, can be bought for £170. The complete kit, including furniture, fitments, soft furnishing, kitchen, lighting and heating equipment, costs £325, a saving of £100 on the same caravan bought ready assembled. But for the convenience of handymen who want to make some, but not all the interior fittings, these are also sold separately in three groups: the furniture at £67, soft furnishings at £44, lighting, heating and general equipment at £45. This allows for flexibility in initial cost and in the design and equipment of the interior. Prospective caravan owners who want to keep their first outlay down to a minimum can buy the shell and construct their own interior equipment stage-by-stage.

The shell sections are made up of timber frames clad partly with steel and partly with aluminium and faced on the inside with hardboard. The sections are screwed or bolted to each other and to the chassis. If the purchaser has any serious difficulty in making a satisfactory assembly, the makers will send an expert to assist with the completion of the job.

Mr. Unsworth reckons that the assembly of the complete caravan, including full interior equipment, painting and finishing, can be accomplished by two men in about one hundred hours. This, I think, is a fair, not an over-optimistic estimate. The interior fitments arrive completely assembled, needing only to be screwed into position. Two gas brackets, a gas cooker, and a portable gas heater work off a thirty-two pound cylinder of Butane gas. The cylinder itself will normally last about one month, and must be obtained from the gas suppliers.

The do-it-yourself caravan is sold as the Smallwood Caravan Kit and readers interested in this revolutionary development in caravan construction can obtain full technical details and hire purchase terms from the makers, Samuel Jackson, Ltd., Smallwood Works, Sandbach, Cheshire.

The first panel goes into position. This is the nearside front section. The door has been removed during assembly and is screwed back when the shell construction is completed. The shell is made in ten sections for easy handling. The sections are of timber framing clad on the lower half with steel and on the upper half with aluminium. The interior facing is of hardboard. The panels are screwed to each other and to supporting brackets on the chassis.

Now the middle section is added. This fits against the wheel arch which is already fixed when the kit arrives. The section is locked to the chassis with two coach screws and butts against the adjoining section.

Mr. Unsworth screws the first and second side panels together. The hardboard facing is loosely attached and easily removed for screwing. Crinkled foil between the cladding and hardboard provides insulation.

All side and end panels are in place. Now the first of the two roof sections is lifted into position. The framework fits between the side panels to which it is screwed, but leaves the aluminium covering overlapping the top. These overlapping edges are later folded down over the side panels and nailed in position. A section of aluminium sheeting covers the join between the roof panels.

The shell assembly is near completion. Here David screws the steel-faced door back into position. It is of the stable type with separately opening upper and lower halves. At this stage the windows are refixed and panel joints masked with beading.

The kitchen fitments have been screwed into position. Now the compact gas cooker is lifted into its recess. With two other items of gas equipment—the light brackets and portable heater—the cooker is connected to a cylinder of Butane gas housed in a well-ventilated compartment. The connections can be made without soldering. All the interior equipment is optional.

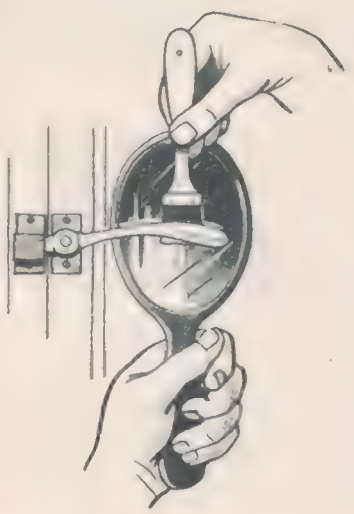
THIS IS YOUR IDEA

Are you a "do-it-yourself" fan eager to try out new hints? Here then are some fellow-readers' ideas for you

by ROGER SMITHELLS

The teenage bedroom: as illustrated right was an idea sent to me by Mrs. W. Alexander, "Valian," Hampton Lane, Blackfield, Southampton. The walls were decorated with an attractive paper with a pattern of blue roses. As the furniture consisted of odd pieces, all the wooden handles and brass knobs were removed and the whole given a coating of pale blue paint with a satin finish. Flower sprays from the paper were pasted on the furniture. Cream plastic handles replaced the old assorted knobs.

Portable scrap-board: this idea came to me from S/Sgt. Robert English, Gordon Barracks, Gillingham, Kent, who as a military man married with one child, faced the common problem of living in furnished rooms. He bought a sheet of stiff cardboard 3 ft. × 2 ft. from an art shop and 10 ft. of rough beading from a handicraft shop. The cardboard was framed with the beading and the whole painted. Once it was dry, he pasted up bright coloured animal illustrations. This portable scrap-board gives intense pleasure to his young daughter and causes no damage to other people's property.



Hold a mirror to it: is the theme of the idea illustrated on the left. It is often undesirable to remove window or casement fittings when repainting, says Mr. L. S. Thompson, 22, Clydesdale Road, Quinton, Birmingham 32. If the windows swing vertically outwards, the painting of the fittings can be tricky. If you hold a hand mirror behind the part to be painted, it is easy to look into the mirror and apply the paint in the right place.

Send your bright idea, with a rough drawing where possible, to Roger Smithells, "John Bull and Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each idea published.

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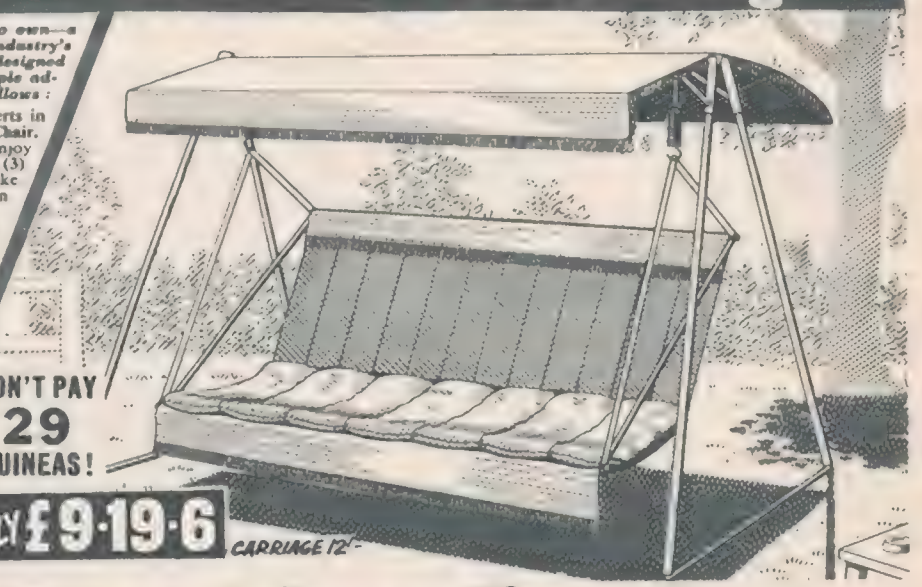

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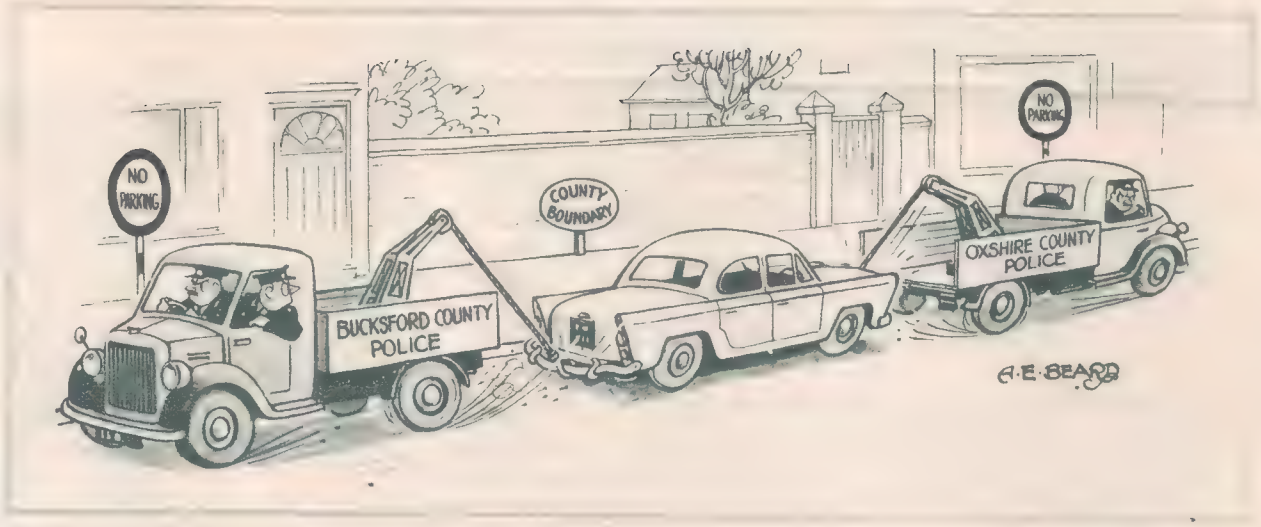

Earthshaker

continued from page 22

the Boer goes too he may prove a bitter scourge to you."

"Why must I go back, King?"

"Because Dakwa is dead and there is no reason for you to continue with us. I know you have fed yourself with small buck which you shot, and you would never starve; but there is much disease among my people, *umfazi*, and you are in danger. You must return."

"I will not go," said Maria resolutely.

"Obstinate, obstinate!" roared Lobengula. "Why not?"

"I believe that Dakwa lives," she said. "Men have lain in dongas with blood on them, and yet lived."

"How can you suppose it? It has been many days."

"It may be many more. I will wait."

"Do you know through magic that he lives?" the king asked, almost persuaded that she was right.

"I cannot say how I know it. I feel it in my flesh."

LOBENGULA grunted, spreading his hands flat and gazing at them. "A person could grow hoarse arguing with you, of this I am certain. What shall I do with Prinsloo, then, if you are coming north?"

"Send him back or let him attend you, but do not murder him. What hurt can he do in the midst of a dozen *impis*?" She shifted her shoulders: from the right swung her carbine, from the left Decker's shotgun. "Black Duck," she said urgently, "since we have spoken of this already—I must caution you. Jacobs is another who looks with hunger on your fortune."

Lobengula smiled. "You are wrong. It was he who warned me against Prinsloo."

"Nevertheless, take care. Stay well, King," she said, turning away. She walked to the tree where she had picketed Bomvu. As she was saddling him, Jacobs slid round the trunk before her. "You harlot," he said, his face dark with hatred. "You tried to get me killed. I ought to shoot you."

"Should you, bastard?" said Ernst. He had walked quietly up behind Jacobs and now he wrenched the small man around and cuffed him savagely on the mouth. "Why not shoot me too?" he jeered. He shoved Jacobs back so that he tripped and fell. Ernst stared at Maria.

They had not been so close to each other for two months. She saw that his beard had grown to a slovenly disarray; otherwise he was much the same. She looked into his clear blue eyes, and felt absolutely nothing either for or against him.

"She told the king we meant to steal his diamonds," mewed Jacobs from the ground.

"No," said Maria, still watching her husband. "I put him on his guard about Jacobs. It was Jacobs who informed on you."

"A lie!"

"John," said Ernst lightly, "it's not a lie. I never have trusted you. Get out of my sight before I tramp on you." Jacobs retired in haste. "*Ag*, little heart, you have had a long time to consider," said Ernst. "It's time we made up our quarrel, eh?"

She shook her head. "I'm sorry, Ernst. I'll never live with you again."

"Oh, come!" He uttered his frank, boyish laugh. "Why are you here on this mad trek, if you aren't coming back to me? I will help you. You must have your pride. I will admit that I was wrong, that I should have told you everything at the start. But I knew you were so moral, sweetheart, even concerning the Kaffirs. I thought it was sensible to pick up the stuff behind your back."

"You think it's sensible to do everything behind everyone's back," she said without malice.

His cheeks began to redden, and he lifted his hands in a vaguely threatening way.

"Don't touch me, Ernst. This dog is trained to attack if you do."

"Dearest little heart," he spluttered, "I wouldn't harm you. It was that *verdoem* American. He intended to steal the jewels and he wanted you too, so he polluted your mind with a lot of lies. That was it," said Ernst, as though he had never thought of it before. "He had to be rid of me because I was the only one who had a right to what he coveted."

"You had a right to the king's treasure?"

"Of course. You know this is *ons land*; South Africa belongs to the Boers. It is God's will. The rednecks stole our diamonds, the Matabele stole them in turn, so it is perfectly just that I regain them at the last."

"Oh, Ernst, that's the hollowest claptrap I ever heard," said Maria. "Get away from me! You're not as stupid as you pretend. You know I'm done with you." He waved his arms incredulously. She turned her back; in a moment she heard him walking off. The dog watched him out of sight.

WORD came to the king that the English were tracking him, that their guns were not far behind. He inspanned and trekked on, his drivers flogging the oxen till their backs were raw. They came to the Shangani, far down its waters from the site of the battle; steady rains had bloated it and they could not find a safe crossing. They followed it eastward, and the white men drew nearer.

"Now I shall go back and eat them up," said Mjana in a cold fury. "They will prowl like jackals on our trail for a thousand miles if I do not do it, Lord."

Lobengula had not been able to keep anything in his stomach since yesterday; he was churlish and revengeful. "Go, go, go," he said, rolling his gouty foot and glaring at the swollen toes. "Go and kill them. It may be that we shall return to Bulawayo after all."

Mjana took nearly all the warriors, eight or nine thousand of them, and started back through the deepening night. He left a guard of a few score men for the king, which was imprudent; but his defeat at the Bembezi had festered in his mind for so long that his sole mental content was ferocity.

JACOBS and Ernst, though each of them knew that the other was quite untrustworthy, continued to plan together, out of habit and cynicism and loneliness.

"It would be a good time to do it now," Jacobs said.

Ernst looked at the soldiers. "Still too many," he said thoughtfully. "Wait a little longer, John. The English will smash Mjana, and these fools will go into a panic and desert. You couldn't get into that wagon now without taking a spear in the neck. . . . Besides, I want to get at that ivory, too."

"*Meneer God*, with all those diamonds you want the ivory!"

"Why not? Have patience. Just a day or two more." The Boer shuddered powerfully. "I have a chill from this dirty weather," Ernst said, "and the sire and dam of all backaches. I don't feel like lifting boxes tonight, even if we could."

Jacobs peered up at him. "You have a chill and a backache?"

"I have just told you."

"Well," said Jacobs, "so you have." An idea suggested itself to him. He went searching for Nomvimbi, the king's sister-in-law, and found her hobbling along behind the last wagon, cursing the heartless monarch who would not let her ride. "I see you, woman of Prinsloo," he said saucily. "Does the Boer still come to you?"

"Every night," she said proudly.

"And how is your back?" Jacobs asked.

"Better now. It pained me badly until yesterday. It is the moist air."

"Truly it is. And the chills and fever have passed? You no longer vomit?"

"Not since yesterday. How did you know of these things?"

"My eyes are everywhere. So you are in perfect health now," he said. "I rejoice at the news."

She said a coarse word. "No one on this journey is well. Just now I suffer dreadfully from the fleas which have bitten me on the face and hands."

"I will speak to a witch-doctor I know who has a cure for fleas," he said, and left her. He was certain of what he had suspected.

He made his way to the side of the king's wagon and plodded forward, clinging to a riem that hung from its tilt. In case the English broke through to them he would slip over the tailboard, knife the king and Losikeyi

COMMON SENSE—1

Common sense is in spite of, not the result of, education.

Victor Hugo

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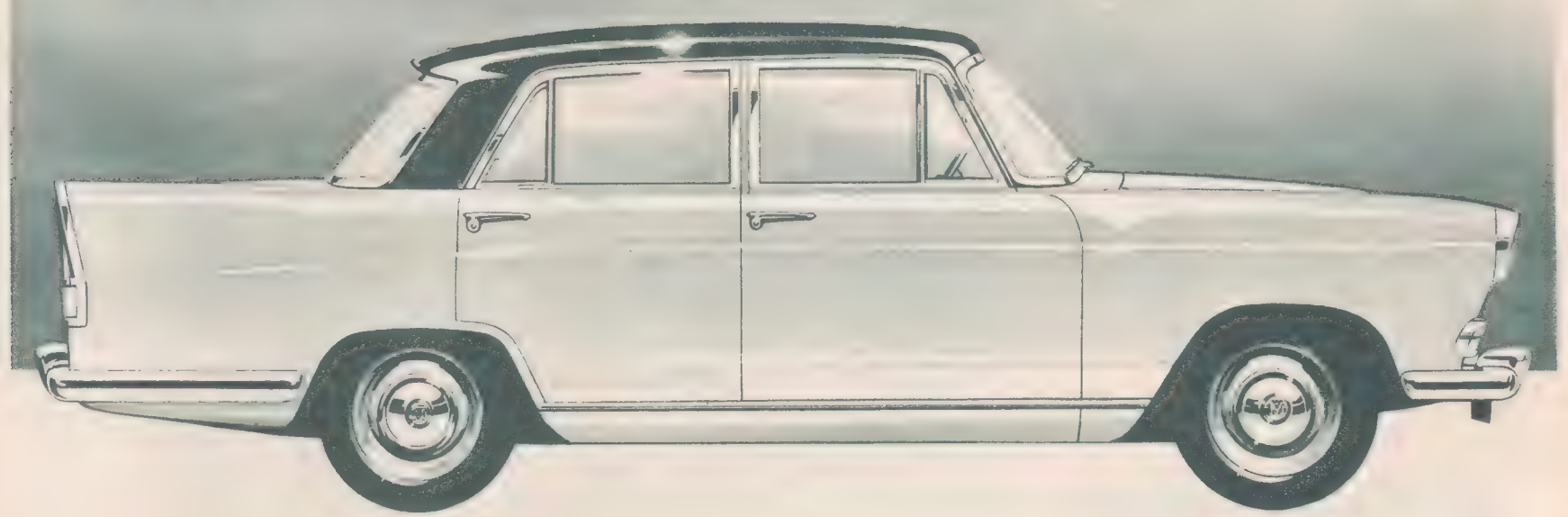

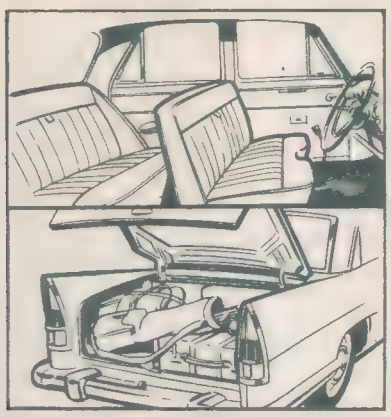

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9/48

Earthshaker

continued from page 30

and bolt with the two cans of diamonds. It would be easy. Lobengula was a sick man.

Perhaps he had smallpox too.

They laboured all day through the mud and rain. When another sundown came and nothing appeared through the bush behind them save the hyenas and aardwolves, they gathered in dismal knots and predicted disaster. *Mjana is dead,* they said, *and all his men with him. We are all dead, we are finished.*

LOBENGULA left his wagon and walked among them, the filthy rags fluttering from his bad leg. "You are Matabele," he said, " and I am your king. If a thousand Mjanas have died, I will yet go north beyond the Zambesi and make a kingdom."

"Bayete," they shouted; and their spirits flared with the astonishing resilience of their race. They began to sing of the great deeds they were going to do on the other side of the Zambezi. They were still singing when a man came out of the bush into the blinking light of the small fires they had been able to kindle with their damp wood. He walked up to them and threw down his spear. The song expired.

"You will do wonderful deeds," said Mjana with inconceivable scorn. He looked as though he had not slept or eaten for a week. "Where is the king?"

"I am here," said Lobengula from the darkness of his wagon box.

"Inkosi," said the old commander, "I bring a tale of brave men."

"Have you eaten?" asked Lobengula kindly.

"I have no stomach for meat. Though if the Bull of Kumalo has any golden water——"

"It is all drunk."

'Then I will speak. We lay on the banks of the Shangani all night long, with the rains like rivers falling on us; and at dawn we attacked the white men. First we killed all their horses, so that they should not escape. They gathered about an ant-heap, in a wood, and there they rested behind the bodies of their animals and shot at us. We shot at them likewise. All day we shot at them, passing from tree to tree and firing as quickly as we could work the bolts of our guns. Slowly we killed them all and when we counted our own dead there were more than five hundred warriors, and more than eighty men of royal blood, indunas and men of the Kumalo clan, who would never eat again."

The king said stonily: "They died from the rolling guns which fling out swarms of bullets?"

"No," said Mjana. "They died from the rifles and the children-of-guns which the English held in their hands. There was no artillery among them." He glanced towards Lobengula. "I had a son called Mpini," he said, "who was my only child; he is dead by the Shangani and the vultures are tearing him. And three of your sons lie beside him, Black Bull."

The people who were listening groaned.

"Where are my armies?" asked the king softly.

"Some have gone into the forest to hide, and some have gone south to make peace. Others said that they would continue to attack the white men, but I think they will not fight fiercely or long. And the rest are coming behind me, slowly, for they are tired. We are like a colony of bees when the hive is ruptured."

"What is this talk of peace and fighting?" bellowed the king, heaving himself up and hanging to the frame of his wagon's tent. "You said you killed all the English!"

"We killed those who had crossed the river, *yebo.* They have all perished, though it cost six hundred of us to do it," said Mjana. He straightened himself dramatically. "Oh, King, the white men we put to death were a tiny patrol of thirty-four young men."

HE shouted above the clamour that broke out at this. "We did not believe that white men were as brave as Matabele, but now we have seen that we are only timid girls beside them. Listen to me!" he screamed, so violently that the noise stopped. "Their story must be told among us as long as courage is valued, as long as we speak of Chaka and Mziligkazi and all such heroes."

He faced about towards Lobengula. "Oh King, they were no more than boys," he cried. "If the white children fight so valiantly, how will the bearded men fight who come over the sea to avenge them? I say that from this day any Matabele who raises a hand to the English is a fool. I say let us go far into the north and make our dominion there, forgetting this land and what we have lost in it; for I see now that the white men are kings of the world."

"Mjana," said the sombre voice in the darkness. "That is what I have tried to tell you." There was a creaking and rustling. Lobengula had entered his wagon.

In the night the weather changed, and the sun lifted in a hard, hot, azure sky with scarcely any cloud. The poor tormented oxen were yoked and secured to the iron traces of the dissel-booms and the march got under way towards the feverish lowlands of the Zambezi.

A SECTION of the Imbezu regiment had rejoined them during the night, perhaps two hundred men. These were pure Zulus of Mjana's personal corps, and notwithstanding the memorable pounding they had taken yesterday, they were almost cheerful; so much did they value courage, in enemies as well as allies.

The king did not appear all day, and that night a number of men deserted, taking Prinsloo's woman Nomvimbi with them. Mjana came to him before dawn, rousing him out of a doze, and addressed him indignantly. "My Father, if you wish to make a nation in the north, you cannot show yourself to the Matabele beaten and ill. Are you not the king?"

"I am the king," Lobengula groaned, and sat up with an effort. "But I suffer from terrible pains in the foot and the belly, Mjana, and these pains are not aware that I am the king."

"*Bayete* the pains, then," said his induna contemptuously, "since they have become ruler in your place."

Lobengula glowered at him. "Why should I not kill you?" Mjana's old monkey face wrinkled in a silent sneer. The king sighed. "Because you are right. Yet you have never had the gout or you would pity me."

"A king is not to be pitied," said Mjana.

"That is a hard thing to hear, but it is true. Help me to stand." He rose to his full height. "*Ehe, ehe,* then I shall be king," he said. He took hold of the canvas of the tilt with both hands and giving a powerful jerk tore

BE A BETTER DRIVER

Stopping without brakes

It's often safer to use that pedal . . . A weekly

WHEN a good driver uses his brakes, the action is so smooth that passengers are virtually unaware of it.

Here's a simple test to discover how "smooth" *you* are.

Find a quiet, level side-road and put a large basin on the floor in front of the forward passenger's seat. Place a jug, three-quarters full of water, inside the basin.

Then try to carry out a series of trial stops, at various speeds, without spilling any water out of the jug.

Although, of course, the brake pedal is one of the most important controls of a car, and many beginners cannot resist the temptation to keep on using it, watch how seldom a really experienced driver applies his brakes. He covers the ground quickly, but his brake lights hardly come on at all.

He uses two excellent methods of keeping his speed in check—both of which, incidentally, give longer life to his tyres and brake linings.

The first method is releasing the pressure on the accelerator pedal, technically known as deceleration; as the engine slows down it acts, through the transmission, as a brake on the road speed.

The second method is the use of the gearbox. The lower the gear engaged, the more powerful the braking effect of the engine. If you haven't already done so, test this for yourself by changing down through the gears on a straight, clear road.

When brakes do have to be used to slow down or stop, remember the following rules:

1. If the road surface is at all treacherous, apply the brakes lightly. Ice and grease can increase braking distances by as much as ten times.

2. Don't touch the brake pedal if you get into a skid. You will only make matters far worse.

3. Never brake while actually negotiating a corner or bend, particularly when travelling fast. There is always the danger of the car pivoting on the front outside wheel.

4. On a straight, level road, apply brakes firmly but progressively. The expert driver should be able to stop his car without the slightest jerk by releasing the brake pressure entirely during the last few inches.

5. Avoid late or harsh braking, which tends to make the rear of the car lift and the nose to dip. This additional weight thrown on to the front wheels not only makes the steering heavier, but affects the general stability of the car, particularly at the rear.

Disc-brakes, which are now being fitted to an increasing number of production cars, and power-assisted brakes require less effort from the driver than the more conventional systems. When out for the first time in a car fitted with these more powerful brakes, it's a wise precaution, for the comfort and safety of all concerned, to get the feel of them without delay. Try them at several speeds—slow, medium and fast—until you are happy about the reaction to your pedal pressure.

Whatever your type of brakes, never forget to test them after a flooded road or water splash. Once water gets into the drums, the brakes are completely useless.

If this happens, and you get no response from the brake pedal, drive along slowly with it partially depressed, so that the brake shoes are making slight contact with the drums. The frictional heat will dry out the brakes and they will start to grip again. Do not, however, rely on them

it apart. He walked up and down the wagon bed, pulling at the heavy waxed cloth until there were only shreds of it left. "The warriors endure with no screen against sun and rain," he said, his vast bosom heaving, "and am I not a better man than any warrior?"

"Truly," said Mjana, grinning with pleasure.

Lobengula looked at the piles of beef which filled a third of his wain; stinking and thick with flies, it was sacred food which no one else dared touch. Then he smiled back at Mjana. He was beginning to enjoy himself.

"Children!" he bellowed—ah, that was the voice of the Black Bull, unweakened still—"come to meat!" His people sprang up at the call and ran to the wagon, some of them more slowly because of wounds and others because of sickness.

"Are you hungry?" he roared jovially at them, and they laughed, for that was a joke. "Eat! Eat!" He hurled a joint at them, and bent for more. It took him ten minutes to throw all the meat out. The soldiers tore the beef from the bones ravenously.

When they had finished it all, the king gripped one of the naked poles of his wagon. "*Enda*," he said, pointing, "north."

MJANA chuckled and slipped over the side as the wagon lurched into motion. The king stood firm, clinging to the pole, his face turned eagerly to the north.

From that morning there were no more desertions.

In a week they had reached the Kana River. During that time the two hundred men had eaten three skinny oxen and several dozen kudu and waterbuck which Maria, who spent all her time hunting, had shot for them. They suffered greatly from their famished bellies, from infected wounds and various disorders, from alternate heat and chill, from feet that softened in the rain and then grew raw and lacerated by the rocks and thorn scrub.

On wet days they gained a mile or two; on their best day, eight. Maria with her red horse covered much more, quartering back and forth in search of game. Ernst seemed content to walk Isitwatwa beside the column, and avoided her, never coming near or looking at her. Occasionally she wondered why. He was hardly the man to be ashamed of himself.

They camped on the bank of the Kana. The king descended from his wagon and strode westward along the stream, followed by Mjana, Jacobs, and ten or twelve men, with three of the wagons lurching after. They disappeared and were gone for several hours. Then the wagons came back empty. The ivory, scores of magnificent blue-white tusks, had been buried; there were no longer enough animals to pull it.

"Break up these useless things and build fires with their timber," ordered Lobengula. He looked at the two remaining wagons; they were the huge vehicles that had stood in his kraal, the finest this side of the Transvaal. One of them was still piled with ivory; in the other sat Losikeyi, pouting. "Those will go on," he said. "Count off the best oxen, enough to double-span them for rivers. Then kill the others and roast them."

Maria staked Bomvu in a patch of new grass and strolled back along the trail to a small koppie, climbed it and sat on the crest. She often went off alone like this if they halted before dark, sometimes to speculate on what was happening behind them, usually to watch, with senseless optimism, for Gabe Decker.

"He'll come out of those trees," she would say to herself, "or up from that kloof, or across that stretch of bushveld, one hand on the butt of his pistol and his preposterous cat-tails swinging; and if his luck's running high, he'll be smoking a cigar."

Today she had no time to guess, for she had barely settled herself on the warm stone when she saw him moving towards her over the marshy surface of the vlei. His neck was bent as he studied the tracks he followed. His boy Pata walked behind him carrying a rifle and a fat gunny sack.

Maria was not startled—she had *known* he couldn't be dead; she had never really thought that her confidence in him was only vacuous hope—but she was a little surprised to see him dressed in khaki trousers and jacket, with *veldschoene* of fawn hide on his feet. Then she saw a mist of smoke curl up from the hatbrim. His luck was high.

SHE made a small noise of gladness as he came near the koppie. Instantly he looked around him, and the left hand brushed back the coat from his revolver. "Up here," she said, laughing.

Maria was elated that she had been alone to greet him. She knew she was happy, that the sight of the American was a fulfilment of something obscure and terribly important in her; yet what her full response to his arrival was, she could not tell. Suddenly she did not know what to say to him.

He came into sight above the edge of the koppie, climbing swiftly with his eyes on her. She held out her hand to him. He walked past it and took her in his arms and kissed her long and vehemently on the mouth. Then he stepped back, caught her hand, which had gone limp, and shook it gravely. "My name's Decker, ma'am, and anybody that claims I'm dead is a flat-footed liar," he said.

"Oh, Gabe," she said, trembling with laughter and relief. She pressed her face into his shirt and in a moment said clearly and contentedly: "I love you. I've loved you for years and years."

NEXT WEEK: Jacobs screws up enough courage to kill Decker

© *Robert Krepps, 1958*

COMMON SENSE—2

If a man can have only one kind of sense, let him have common sense. If he has that and uncommon sense too, he is not far from genius.

H. W. Beecher

your gears instead of feature for motorists

to the full until you are satisfied that they are working.

Many motorists ask how long brake linings can be expected to last.

There is no infallible rule. But as a general guide, the "hard" driver, who wears out a set of tyres in 10,000 miles, will probably do the same to his brake linings. Similarly, the driver who nurses 30,000 or 40,000 miles out of his tyres will most likely get much the same performance from his linings.

So make a point of having the brake drums removed and the linings examined for wear every time you fit a new set of tyres.

Compiled in co-operation with the Institute of Advanced Motorists. A non-profit-making organization, its object is to improve the standard of driving and the promotion of road safety. The address of the Institute is 21 Harrington Road, London, S.W.7.

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In solving the Crossword, note that only the words given at the end of each Clue will be considered as possible Answers to that Clue.

YOUR FINAL COUPON BELOW

CLUES ACROSS

1. Should not go unrepaired because of money shortage (PRAM PROM)
2. May give poor kiddy a pain in the neck (RICE RICH RICK)
3. Tramp may occasionally get invaluable help from (SHACK SMACK STACK)
7. Lucky fellow may now and then be helped out of financial scrape by (KIN TIN WIN)
9. Senior boy who excels at studies and games is generally this above the others (CUT PUT)
12. Boss is likely to appreciate such enthusiasm (REAL ZEAL)
13. May be rightly said to be senseless (DOLE DOLL DOLT)
14. It's a marvel how some old folk manage them (CIGS DIGS JIGS)

CLUES DOWN

1. A man won't do this year after year without some hope of success (PLOD PLOT)
2. Men on the prairie may know what a fire doing this is really like (RACING RAGING RAKING)
4. Good workman is in most cases not easy to (FIRE HIRE TIRE)
5. Manufacturers for export cannot allow themselves to (REST RUST)
6. Possession of plenty of this gives a man confidence (BRAIN BRAWN)
8. Ambitious father likes to see his boy is this in his studies (BURIED BUSIED)
10. Person easily tricked is most likely this (DULL GULL)
11. Probably suggest peaceful rustic scenes, though the noises they make may be disturbing at times (CAWS COWS)

RULES

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Prize consists of £1,000 cash: in event of tie, £1,000 cash will be divided. Entrants limited to two coupons only, as specified. Use ink or ballpoint—not pencil. Signature on coupon indicates agreement to Rules. Entries bearing alterations, or in any way mutilated, will be disqualified.

Entries accepted by post only and on condition that Result (to be published in *John Bull and Everybody's Weekly*), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, must be accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

Here's a MUST for the back of your ENVELOPE . . .

Before sealing entry envelope you MUST copy out across the back of it the SIX letters you have used in your Crossword Square to complete your Answers to the first six Clues *Across*. These letters must be in Clue Order—that is, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 7, 9 and 12 Across.

If your envelope contains an additional Entry Square, you must add a further row of SIX letters as above, exactly as used by you to answer the first six Clues on additional entry enclosed.

These letters must be written *on the back of your envelope*: your entry will be disqualified if you omit them.

ADDRESS ENTRY:
John Bull £1,000 X-word
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CLOSING DATE **WED. MAY 13**

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I agree to accept the published result as final—also the Editor's decision on all matters relating to this Competition.

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The uneasy heads

continued from page 11

him, and it could well be that it would have given him sufficient strength to carry on alone.

As it was, a letter was on the way to him which would have changed his entire attitude to himself and the war, but it came just too late to prevent the marriage. In London, Paul-Henri Spaak, Foreign Secretary of the Belgian Government-in-exile, and emerging then as one of Europe's great statesmen, was told by a secret courier that if he wished to write a note to the King in Brussels a channel existed for smuggling it through the Nazis to Laeken Palace. It was November 21, 1941. Leopold and Liliane had been married for two and a half months but the secret was still closely kept, and Spaak, of course, had no inkling of it.

"*Sire,*" Spaak wrote, "*victory is becoming more certain every day. . . . The King, by his obstinate refusal to collaborate with the enemy is not only the symbol of the passive resistance of occupied Belgium. He has become also an element in the active resistance* [that is, the resistance carried on from London]. *Although every day we regret the absence of the King which makes our task so much heavier and more difficult we admire his attitude in the occupied country, and we know what comfort it gives to our countrymen. . . .*"

COMMON SENSE—3

Common sense is, of all kinds, the most uncommon. It implies good judgment, sound discretion, and true and practical wisdom applied to common life.

Tryon Edwards

We do not know and we may never know with what mixed emotions Leopold read this letter. Now, too late, the grim warnings of Henri Baels must have flooded his mind like a torrent.

Spaak's letter represented the high water mark of Leopold's wartime standing. Shortly after it was written his position disintegrated. Liliane became pregnant and it was impossible to keep the marriage secret any longer.

The Germans, of course, were delighted, if only for the painful impact the news had upon the Belgian people. They calculated that this would knock some of the fight out of the increasing resistance movements inside the country, and they were right. A Brussels newspaper wrote: *Sire! We thought you had your face turned towards us in misery; instead you had it hidden on the shoulder of a woman.*

When in June, 1944, the Allies landed in France, the Germans promptly sent Leopold, his wife and children secretly to the Castle of Hirschstein, near Dresden. After almost a year of captivity, deprived of all news and contact with the outside world, they were moved once more. In May, 1945, at St. Wolfgang in Austria, they were freed by the Americans.

Dizzy with the joy of freedom, Leopold made plans for return, and then received his greatest shock—a tactful but unmistakable message from his brother Charles to stay out of Belgium for the time being.

On May 4, when the King's whereabouts were still unknown, the Socialist Party had called on Leopold to resign. Leopold's brother Charles was made Regent.

Leopold and his family moved to the Villa du Reposoir, near Geneva, and he told the press: "I deny all the accusations and ask for a plebiscite. I will only accept the verdict of the Belgian people."

There is no doubt that Charles would have enjoyed being king, but the Legitimists realized that it could not be. That was the essence of monarchy. Leopold might be unpopular and his son an unknown quantity, but if you have a monarchy you cannot monkey about with the legitimate descent.

Sign of confidence

No, it was Leopold or Baudouin or a republic, and as Leopold remained determined not to abdicate, the Belgian people, with tempers wearing thinner and thinner, found a plebiscite on their hands. The King declared he would regard a vote of fifty-five per cent in his favour as a sign of confidence in his return.

The plebiscite was carried out in March, 1950, in an atmosphere of furious politicking and impending revolution. The anti-Leopold campaign was headed by Paul-Henri Spaak, regretting bitterly the letter of praise he had sent to the King in 1941.

The vote revealed 57·68 per cent in favour of the King's return. It was technically a victory for the King, but it was implicitly pyrrhic. The royal family returned in silence, the streets under heavy guard. Leopold went to the microphone and made a speech urging unity. It was the signal for the riots, the ugly scenes which make Brussels so periodically notorious.

Leopold was not a wicked man. When he realized that the price he must pay for a return to the throne was the bloodshed of his countrymen, he yielded at once. He telephoned Socialist headquarters and asked Max Busset to come over and advise him what to do. For rather more than an hour they were alone together.

"I got the impression," Busset said later, "of a broken man who knew he had been ill advised, if not betrayed."

When Leopold's abdication was made final on July 16, 1951, Baudouin Albert Charles Leopold Axel Marie Gustave, Duke of Brabant, Count of Hainaut, became Belgium's fifth King. He was a boy of uncertain education and confidence. All the traditional channels of education and growing up had been dammed against him. He had changed school too often to be able to plant childhood roots or make childhood friends, and he had been obliged to rely on private tutors.

King's discourtesy

It was not long before the young King Baudouin was in trouble. Alone among the crowned heads of Europe he failed to attend the funeral of King George VI, and delegated his younger brother, Albert, to represent Belgium. The King's ministers were appalled at this discourtesy, and the Prime Minister, Jean van Houtte, tried to persuade him to change his mind.

But Baudouin was the son of Leopold. He had made his decision and he stuck to it.

The following year the indignation in the country burst into fury. From the Belgian royal family's point of view it was the most miserable luck. In February, 1953, the worst storm in living memory sent the North Sea rolling over low-lying areas of Britain, Holland and Belgium. In Britain

NEXT WEEK

How to pay even less income tax

A revealing article by KEITH ELLIS

Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip arrived with the rescue parties. In Holland Prince Bernhard and Queen Juliana remained on the spot without sleep for days and nights together.

Baudouin had left Brussels with his father and stepmother for a holiday on the Riviera. It was hardly the King's fault that he did not know the floods were coming. Photographs in the Belgian papers showed the King sunning himself, side by side with catastrophe photos. He hurried back and promptly went down with influenza.

These successive crises had an important effect on the Belgians. It is an important fact of monarchy that people hate to criticize their sovereigns. Scandals and gossip are one thing. Sustained criticism is quite different.

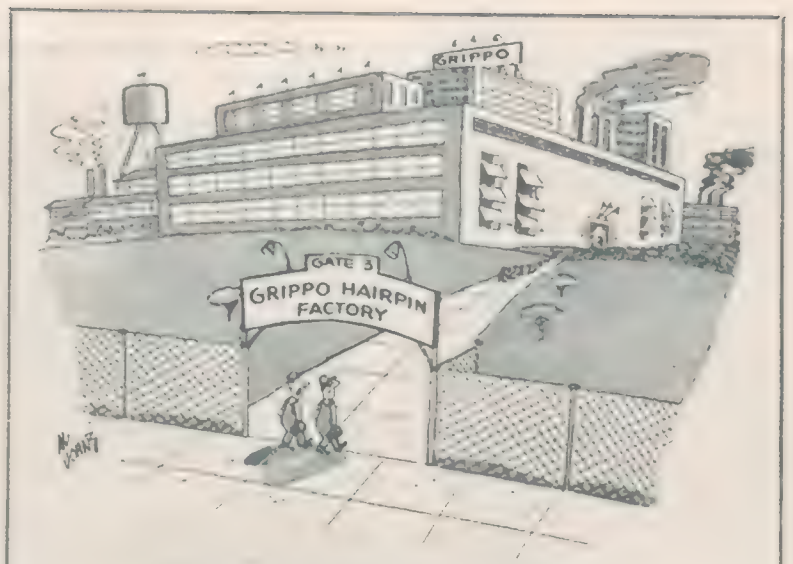
Favourite target

Rather than attack their kings the Belgians preferred to vent their anger on others. Sometimes they fired on the ministers but usually they preferred their easiest and choicest target —the Princess de Rethy. The Belgian press, one of the most sensational in Europe, turned on Liliane with a venom that has scarcely been equalled in print.

Baudouin, like his father, Leopold and his brother, Albert, adored Liliane and took every attack on her as a personal mortification. A friend of the royal family told the able English journalist Sam White, in 1953: "I don't know how that boy can carry on. He read one slanderous attack on Princess de Rethy, dropped the paper and left the room. He returned a few minutes later and was under control but he cancelled all official duties for the day."

In 1952, 1953 and 1954 the cult of Rethy hatred was so widespread and noisy as to sound like a continuous roar.

One of the blessings to the oppressed of the world, however, is in the circumstance of change. . Passions wither, enthusiasms die and new sets of principles emerge to replace the old. The Belgian people just could not go on hating Liliane that much, or resenting Leopold.



"This is the day I hate—stock-taking!"

The first to benefit from the softening attitude was Baudouin himself. As a king he gained in both confidence and authority. He no longer stammered in front of his father. His salute became less awkward and he wore his uniform with more assurance. He could snap, and make his ministers tremble. He could apply himself with single-minded intensity to his papers. He began to enjoy his job.

Baudouin, seen in this new and more impressive light, began to influence the people by his own example. Respecting Baudouin—and even being slightly frightened of Baudouin—the Belgian people inevitably had to respect his unswerving loyalty to his father and stepmother.

Once the perspective changed the whole picture took on a new dimension. Liliane had, after all, not only proved a splendid mother to the children of Astrid but had given to Leopold three children of her own, Alexander in 1942, Marie-Christina in 1951 and Maria-Esmeralda in 1956. There were no rivalries or distinctions among them. Only a mother of genius could have created such a family harmony.

Perhaps nothing pleased Belgians more than Leopold's meeting with Queen Elizabeth of England.

Rift was healed

On May 15, 1956, for the first time in nineteen years a King of Belgium was received at the English Court and a heart-breaking split was healed. Leopold was in Britain to attend the celebration of the Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, of which he was Colonel-in-Chief.

From that time on, Leopold quietly worked at renewing his old British contacts. He invited a party of former classmates at Eton to stay with him. He added a charming touch. He also invited his old housemaster, Mr. Samuel Gurney Lubbock, an octogenarian.

It is a sign of the change in temper of the Belgians that the most pressing problem of the royal family today is the problem of the succession. No personal difference remains between the Belgians and the royal family that cannot be solved by Baudouin's finding a wife. Once he is married, Leopold and Liliane could retire to the South of France, as they want to do.

Baudouin, in his public appearances, has given an appealing picture of sensitivity, strength and loneliness all in one that has turned all royal Europe into matchmakers.

The field is deceptively large. Europe teems with eligible princesses.

The matchmakers ignore an intense human factor. Baudouin, having been deprived of everything a boy can expect to enjoy—school, friends, girl-friends, parties—claims the last human right open to him: the right to fall in love. And how does a king fall in love? He works seven days a week with only a few hours left for driving, listening to records, catching up on his reading.

When he meets a girl he asks himself: "Is this all arranged? Has it been discussed and planned? If I follow my heart will I become another Duke of Windsor?"

Baudouin is a young monarch who has suffered much and is learning fast. He could become one day the most dominating monarch in Europe.

But not so long as he remains a bachelor obsessed by his private resentments. The patience of people who live in monarchies is long, but it tends to exhaust itself suddenly.

© *Geoffrey Bocca, 1959*

NEXT WEEK: The count who plans to be King of France

"The Uneasy Heads" is published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson at 21s.

The leaning man

continued from page 8

and made him brake. "But one day he'll drop a stitch. They all do."

"All?"

"I think so. If we don't get them, somebody else does. But he's an interesting chap. Good—or rather, bad—character for a book."

"And you know nothing about him? I'd want to know more in order to write. Just something."

He said: "Well, we do know something. He'd once been a ski-ing instructor at an hotel in Switzerland. Real name is Mueller. But that's all. Enough though to set a writer's mind working. Don't you think?"

"Sure. . . ." I made the word sound light and easy, but suddenly I had a weight inside me. I said: "You can drop me off here. I'm meeting Lena."

He stopped the car and gave me that toothachey grin. As I got out, he said, in his best seventy-year-old manner: "I'm not so sure that the Plymouth Aquarium is open on a Sunday. Better check it, hadn't we? First motto of police and writers. Check the facts." He laughed and drove off.

I didn't laugh—he'd got me worried. Lena wasn't in, so I went back to the launch and went to bed. I just lay in the dark, smoking too much, and thinking too much. And I kept saying to myself—Lena, Lena's brother, Ronald Miller or Mueller, and twenty thousand pounds. And before I slept I had decided to be very, very careful and, as Harry said, to check all the facts I could.

I went round early in the morning and gave Lena the instructions. In four days' time her brother was to be on the coast three miles up the bay. Small place called Finger Head which, around midnight, would be deserted. I'd pick him up from the sea. He'd pay me as he came aboard. And he'd pay the skipper when I put him aboard in mid-channel. I arranged signals and stuff like that.

You've never seen a girl look so relieved. She was so grateful that I felt like a sweep for having any doubts about her. In fact I didn't have any while I was with her. It was only when I came away. And then they grew. They grew so much that when I left her I went round to Mac's Garage and swopped a free all-night fishing trip with Mac for the loan of a motor-cycle for a few days.

Mac said: "Okay, Tim. But provide your own petrol."

The ice rink was closed every Monday afternoon. After lunch I went up to the top of the harbour hill with a pair of field glasses. I could look right down into the town and I picked up Lena's little car parked outside her flat.

I WAITED and hoped nothing would happen. But at the end of an hour she came out and got into her car. She drove down to the harbour and then headed east along the coast road. I got on my motor-cycle and went after her, whipping through the back lanes and coming out on the road just as she passed my turning. She couldn't recognize me in goggles and helmet and I motored along a safe distance behind her. For all I knew she was going for a spin on her afternoon off. I should have been working. . . .

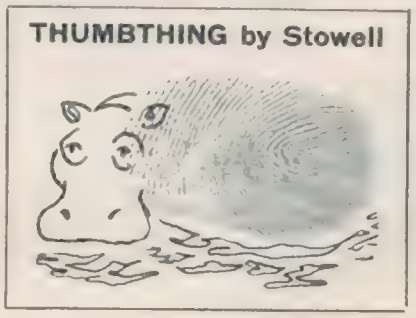
She parked the car up a side road, close to one of the long run of beaches not far from Finger Head. I ran by the turning and finally hid my machine in a small clump of trees. I walked back to the car. It was at the head of a small track that led down to a bungalow not far from the beach. I went across the dunes until I could get a good view of the bungalow and then I got out the field glasses. . . .

And that was the end of a beautiful romance. The first thing I saw was a close-up of an embrace which was far more than brotherly. They were sitting in a small summer house in the garden. He was about thirty, with dark hair (which later I learned was dyed) and a small moustache (which I later learned was also dyed and grown since his Plymouth cashiering days).

I didn't keep the glasses on them. I just sat there swearing to myself. It wasn't until I saw them come out and begin to walk, arm in arm, across the dunes away from the bungalow that it suddenly occurred to me that twenty thousand pounds in unmarked, no-numbers-recorded notes was the best cure for a broken heart a man could wish for. I had a few qualms about it, but they died as I went across to the bungalow.

Mr. Ronald Miller was so clever and so sure of himself that he had been a little careless. The notes were in an old black Gladstone bag under his bed. Not on the floor where anyone would have seen them, but strapped up against the spring frame. I should have missed them if it hadn't been for the finger marks in the dust under the bed which made me go on looking.

I left the bag and the notes there and went back to the town. I sat by myself in the launch and worked out exactly, not only how I was going to take the money, but—much more important—how I was going to use it. I'd have to sit on it for a year or so. Drift away from the town. Keep my fingers off it until Harry had forgotten me, and then, while I started writing, I would use it wisely. No splashing it around. Ten pounds a week . . . well, maybe twenty at the most. Struggling author. Stash it away in about ten bank accounts around the place. . . . It was just like plotting out a story and it came easily. Made me feel better, too. Took the anger out of me so that I could meet Lena that evening and act naturally.



AND the curious thing was that although I knew she was using me and double-crossing me, I still loved her. Well, I mean, given a different start, she was my kind. Just for a bit I wondered if I wouldn't tell her all I knew and try and cut out Ronald Miller. Get her to make a go of things with me. Then common sense told me it was no good. These two had planned this big coup for years possibly, ever since they had met in Switzerland. It wouldn't be easy to break up that partnership. I remembered the way he had held her in his arms.

The evening I was due to pick up Miller I spent with Harry Trewin at a police concert. Afterwards I had a few drinks with him and then said I must go and meet Lena.

Just before midnight I cast off and went quietly out of the harbour. Nobody bothered me. I often went out for a night's fishing.

The town looked rather nice spread up on the hill with a lot of lights on, and when I was well out I could still smell the gorse blooms from the cliffs on the light breeze. There were no stars, no moon . . . just a soft, comforting black velvet spread of night.

I kept well out until I was a quarter of a mile short of Finger Head and

So many people are saying Martini!

Because Martini is the drink that
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It's delicious—just by itself—
or, as a real thirst-quencher,
with soda and a slice of lemon.
Poured over ice in a glass—
as a 'Martini on the rocks' is
just another cool way
of bringing out the full
refreshing flavour.

Better drink Martini

MARTINI

Sweet or Dry

The leaning man

continued from previous page

could mark it by the light from the farmhouse that stood at the back of the headland. Then I cut the engine right down and let the run of the tide do most of the work. I felt happy.

I came in under the lee of the cliff and the tide was just right. There was a big swell running, enough to make things a little difficult. He was standing on a ledge about two feet above the water. I flicked a torch just for a second and saw a suitcase at his feet and one hand holding the Gladstone bag.

"I can't tie up with this swell," I said. "Chuck your stuff aboard. I'll come round again and then you jump."

He trusted me.

There was the thump of the suitcase and then the slithering sound of the Gladstone bag across the boards. The launch had drifted by. I gave it the motor and circled out into the darkness.

It could have been an anxious moment for him. I could have gone off with the money. But I didn't want it that way. I wanted him out of the country as well.

I came back and called gently: "Okay—this time."

There was a double thump on the deck and somebody stumbled up against me. In the darkness I could smell her perfume and for a moment one of her hands grabbed my arm to steady herself.

"Lena—what the hell?" I put all the surprise I knew into my voice, but he cut me off quickly.

"Don't let's have any trouble," he said. He was behind me and I felt a revolver hard against my back.

"Get to the wheel and take us out." He moved up with me to the wheel. "Lena—pay him."

As he stood at the wheel she came round to my side, and held out an envelope. I took it with one hand and stuffed it into my pocket.

"Did you get into trouble with the bookies as well?" I said harshly.

"I'm sorry, Tim. I didn't like doing it. But it was the only way. There's more in this than I could ever tell you. But you've got your money, so why worry? Just behave."

"That's enough," Miller said. He had an angry way of speaking for such an ordinary looking bloke. But I guess he was under strain.

As we headed out to sea, I said: "All right, I'll behave." And then, looking at her, I said: "You must be very fond of your brother to go with him. Or have I got the relationship wrong?"

"We're married," he said. He still kept the revolver in my back.

After that there wasn't much conversation. We went out over the long, smooth swell and I didn't care a damn for either of them.

An hour later I saw the signal ahead. A couple of flashes every half minute.

"There's your boat," I said. "Don't try to bilk him of his payment. He has household repair bills."

For the first time he laughed. It was a hoarse kind of croak. "We won't. And don't you try anything. If necessary I'd finish you and make the trip in this."

"Don't worry," I said. "I'll be glad to get rid of you."

We ran alongside and they dropped a rope ladder. Lena went up first, swinging as gracefully as an acrobat, and the last I saw of her was the flash of a pair of nylon-stockinged legs. They dropped a rope and he tied on the suitcase and the Gladstone and they were hauled up. Then up he went. As he reached the deck the skipper, a vague shape in the darkness, called:

"All right, Tim?"

"Okay, skipper."

Screws threshed suddenly and white water boiled and then the ship was moving away from me. I let her go and then opened up the motor and headed back. After a while I jammed the wheel to keep her on course and went below and switched on the cabin light. From my chart locker I took out their Gladstone bag and began to empty it, tidying the notes away in a flat cardboard box.

I chuckled to myself as I did it. Miller was going to be very, very bad-tempered when he discovered his bag full of old newspapers . . . but San Sebastian was a long way away. I'd found an old Gladstone bag like his in a junk shop and had had it prepared. When he threw his bag aboard and I had circled away for a spell, it had been easy to make the switch.

I went on deck and chucked the Gladstone overboard.

I'd just finished tying up and was down in the cabin when there was a thump on the deck. Harry Trewin came down into the cabin. He sat down on my bunk as though it were ten in the morning instead of half past two and said: "Good trip, Tim?"

"Reasonable—but unfortunately no time for fishing."

"So I thought." He filled his pipe and let the silence settle.

I said: "Couldn't you sleep?"

He shook his head. "Concert excited me too much." He lit his pipe and then went on: "Aiding and abetting. And a few other things. You've put your foot in it with Miss Lena Silvers and Mr. Ronald Miller."

"So I thought for a while. But I managed." I reached behind a cushion and pulled out the flat cardboard box and pushed it over to him. "She said she wanted to make a night fishing trip with a friend. Came aboard and off we went. Outside they put a revolver in my back and told me to keep going. Had a rendezvous with a boat out in the Channel. What could I do?"

"Don't tell me an old navy man couldn't think of anything." He opened the box and looked at the notes.

"I behaved myself and saw them aboard the ship."

"See the name of the ship?"

"No."

"Pity. But somehow in the confusion you managed to take these notes? What did you leave in their place? Old tide almanacs?"

"Something like that," I said.

"You must tell me how you did the switch sometime."

"Sometime."

"Where are they being dropped?"

"No idea."

He riffled through the notes with one hand. "Well, there's a substantial reward for the return of these. Goes to you, I suppose?"

I said nothing for a moment and he was watching me through a cloud of smoke. Then I said: "I don't want it. Give it to some charity."

He smiled and there was nothing toothachey about it. "Good idea. You'd like it to be anonymous?"

"I certainly would."

"I'll arrange it. But it's a pity to kill a good story."

"Don't worry. I'm getting down to work, really getting down this time. I'll change the names a little and you can read it. I've got the title already. *The Leaning Man.*"

He stood up. "I like it," he said, "yes, I like it."

He went out with the box and I fixed myself a whisky. For some reason I couldn't yet grasp I was happier than any man should be who had just kissed twenty thousand pounds goodbye.

THE END

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COMMON SENSE—4

Common sense means the shortest line between two points.

R. W. Emerson

Secrets of Soviet science

continued from page 18

rivers, which are among Russia's largest, enter the White Sea or the Arctic Ocean," he said. "They are practically useless, flowing through land where the soil is always frozen and unsuitable for agriculture. If only we could divert them to the south...."

What began as a brainwave very soon became a project for study. Today work has begun on diverting the waters of the Pechora and Vychegda rivers towards Kama. Technicians are preparing to divert the waters of several northern rivers towards Sheksna, thence into the Shcherbakov reservoir and on south into the Caspian, serving the turbines of seven Volga power-stations on the way.

Despite the severity of life in Siberia, however, and the fact that much of it, in Davydov's words, is a territory where "the soil is always frozen" there is now an extraordinary trek taking place in that direction. Americans talk of their Far West; in the U.S.S.R. the goal is the East.

Unmatched wealth

For natural wealth, climatic conditions and variety of flora and fauna, the Siberian Far East cannot be matched by any other region. The subsoil hides vast mineral deposits. In the territory of Primoria alone, with Vladivostok as its port, geologists have discovered more than fifty different coalfields, estimated at several hundred million tons.

Forests covering an area of more than 250 million acres are full of materials required by industry. The animal world is of enormous variety: 110 species of fur-bearing animal, and wild beasts including the tiger, leopard, bear and wolf.

While thousands of Russian workers are busily exploiting the new-found mineral wealth, Soviet scientists are looking to the future.

Academician D. Shcherbakov has said: "One often hears or reads that the earth's subsoil is about to be exhausted. And indeed, the discovery of rich deposits does become rarer and rarer. Does this mean that soon we shall not know where to turn for iron, titanium, aluminium and other metals and minerals that we need?"

"The day will come," says Shcherbakov, "when underground machines, possibly working on the same principle as the atomic ice-breaker, using nuclear fuel, pulverizing and melting the rock, will tunnel their way into the depths of the earth, in search of the minerals hidden there."

It is no exaggeration to say that Russia reveals advances in science as frequently as every three days. Here are some recent announcements:

"Aircraft have been used by Soviet technicians to relay television programmes from Bucharest to Kiev."

"Professor Nicolaiev has produced a liquid that breathes; from copper and various organic compounds he has made molecules resembling haemoglobin (animal catalyst) and chlorophyll (vegetable catalyst)."

"Engineer F. Fedchenko of the Institute of Weights and Measures laboratory has made an astronomical clock with accuracy three times greater than the best astronomical clocks now in existence.

"Professor Bardin, Vice-President of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, predicts a new revolution in the field of technology. He claims that it will soon be possible to turn lead into gold."

"A camera, tested at the Leningrad Institute of Optics, can take fifty million photographs a second."

How is it that the Soviet Union, formerly one of the most backward countries, has moved into first place with its Sputniks and jet aircraft? I have given considerable thought to this question, and there are many facts to take into consideration. Some sort of explanation is to be found in the laboratories. An ever-increasing number of scientists, often very young ones, are engaged in research.

At the Moscow Institute of Geo-Magnetism, I met a young woman who had been taken on two years ago as a charwoman, but who had learned how to read an oscillograph recording ionospheric disturbance.

A second explanation is to be found in the study centres, where there is direct and continuous liaison between scientists and industry. Scientists can therefore immediately check the value of their work.

A third explanation is that Russia has nearly 3,000 scientific institutions and 767 higher institutes which produce more than 260,000 qualified specialists a year. The number of high-level research scientists stood at 240,000 on January 1, 1958.

The last reason for Soviet scientific successes hits one in the eye when one goes into the schools; not only the technical schools and higher institutes, but even the primary schools. There one sees tremendous enthusiasm for science—all the enthusiasm that children between the ages of ten and fifteen can command.

Every Soviet secondary school teaches chemistry and physics. In Russia preparation for a practical career is one of the characteristics of specialist education in the higher institutes.

To give some idea of the effects of the spread of education, we might take the case of Kazakhistan. This Soviet Republic in Central Asia until recently had a high illiteracy rate. Today there are 60,000 engineers and technicians working within the economic framework of the State. There is one engineer or one technician to every twenty workers.

War on cancer

Many young Russian scientists, of course, seek a career in medicine. In this field, too, significant progress has been made. Every Soviet citizen over the age of thirty is obliged by law to submit to examination for cancer. Special detection units have screened 100 million people during the last ten years.

Also an industrial town has been built entirely to the specifications of cancer experts. Factory smoke is filtered and the town lies on the edge of a forest. The results of this experiment are now awaited with a view to cancer prevention on a large scale.

The Soviet Institute for Experimentation in Medical Equipment has just produced an instrument which will be of great value in diagnosing cancerous tumours. The instrument consists of an ultra-sonorous ray transmitter, analogous to that used in metallurgy for detecting faults inside pieces of metal.

Black or white spots appear on the luminous panel of the instrument. If the rays meet a cellular formation denser than the normal tissue, a cancerous tumour for instance, a white spot appears on the panel. The practitioner can tell from the shape and position of the spot whether it is a benign tumour, a cancerous proliferation or a cyst.

The main interest of this new instrument is that it makes detection of the disease possible in its initial stage, whereas X-ray observation does not.

Soviet medicine is not superior to medicine everywhere else in the world; I have only noted the points on which it is in advance of other countries.

Cure in sleep

Soviet doctors have for some years been prescribing sleep cures as suitable treatment for certain categories of illness. This artificial sleep can now be induced by an electrical machine. One electrode is placed near the eye, and another at the back of the head. A ten-volt current is passed between them and the wearer falls asleep.

When an engineer named Vassiliev was asked what he thought would be regarded as the world's most important invention in 1990, he chose the electrical sleep-inducing instrument over his bed.

"No, I don't suffer from insomnia," he said. "It's just that I realize that I have spent more than a third of my life asleep. What a lot of things I might have learned in that time! Now, this little gadget reduces my period of sleep to two hours a night without harm. It has in fact lengthened my life by a third. No one in the world needs more than two hours rest a night nowadays."

THE END

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"Secrets of Soviet Science" is published as a book by Allan Wingate at 21s.

What shall I buy them?

A surprise for someone you love—

But you can't think what to give. Or it's somebody's birthday this month—and you want a gift with just the right personal touch. Or there's an anniversary soon—and they're the sort of people who've "got everything."

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An inexpensive yet *lasting* gift that will carry a remembrance of you every week for a year: the gift of a subscription to JOHN BULL and EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY.

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All *you* have to do is to fill in the form below and send it to us with your cheque or P.O. for 23s. *We do the rest.* We will send your lucky friend a full-colour greetings card in your name, and arrange for JOHN BULL and EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY to be supplied every week for the next twelve months—a year of the best reading in Britain today!

YOUR NAME.....
(Block letters please)
YOUR ADDRESS.....

.....

YOUR FRIEND'S NAME.....

and ADDRESS.....

.....

Send this form and remittance to: The Publisher, JOHN BULL and EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY (x), 57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. We will send a greetings card to your friend, with a card for him to complete with the name of his newsagent.

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull and Everybody's Weekly" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise...

MY family would like to arrange summer holidays so that we could come to London and see the Trooping the Colour. Can you tell me when this is and how we should ensure that we can see it?—Mrs. S. C. J., Stone, Staffs.

● This year's Trooping the Colour takes place on June 13 at 11 a.m. Tickets have been distributed, but there is a large area of standing room for the public. Since it is being held on a Saturday, you should take up your positions fairly early in the day.

DRIP-DRY WALLS?

WE are shortly to move into a new house and I wonder if it would be better to have wallpaper or distemper on the newly plastered walls?—Mrs. J. E. D., Melton Mowbray, Leics.

● Your walls will not be fully dry until six months after plastering. You should wait till then before your final decorations.

Meanwhile you could paint the walls with water-bound distemper which can easily be washed off later. Apply size to the walls before you begin hanging wallpaper.

THE CATS NEXT DOOR

OUR next-door neighbour keeps four cats. If they make large holes in our newly planted seed bed, can we claim damages? — F. M., Aylburn, Gloucester.

● Cats are regarded in law as animals that cannot be restrained from roaming.

You can take all reasonable means of protecting your property from them, but could not hold their owner liable for any damage they do in your garden.

MY BLOW-UP

I RENT a furnished bed-sitting-room, with no written agreement. On lighting a geyser for a bath it exploded, flinging me against the door and blowing out a window. Now my landlady says I should pay the cost of repairing the window and of the damage to the geyser. What is my position?—Mrs. B. G. H., Swiss Cottage, London, N.W.3.

● Unless the damage caused was due to any negligence on your part, you could not be held responsible.

If, however, you had permitted the gas to accumulate before you lit the heater you could be liable as this could be negligence.

Whether you are liable or not in this case really depends on the evidence available, although if the heater was defective your landlady would be liable.

SPLIT ROOF PLAN

THE asbestos sheeting used as a roof for my garage has become damaged, with one or two large cracks running almost the entire sheet length and about $\frac{1}{16}$ in. thick. Is there any product on the market which would give me a reasonably good surface before I apply a coat of waterproof?—G. A., Romford, Essex.

● The best treatment would probably be to seal the cracks with sticky paper, then paint over with two layers of bituminous paint, using sackcloth as a binder.

Aquaseal, made by Berry, Wiggins, Field House, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4, would be suitable.

MY TV AGREEMENT

I WISH to end a hire-purchase agreement I made in respect of a TV set which is in a much worse condition than the dealer described to me. Although I signed an agreement, the dealer makes every excuse to avoid doing anything about the set. What can I do?—H. J., Colwyn Bay, North Wales.

● If you send the dealer 1s. he is obliged by law to send you a copy of the hire-purchase agreement which you signed.

The agreement will state how much you have to pay before you may return the set and cancel the agreement.

MY HUSBAND'S BILLS

ALTHOUGH I am married and live with my husband I am the tenant of our house. The rating demands used to come in the name of my husband, as occupier. He went bankrupt in 1957, listing that half-year's rates among his debts. Now I have received a demand addressed to me for the remaining rates for that year from the date he became bankrupt. Must I pay?—Mrs. B. H., Bodmin, Cornwall.

● As the rating authority cannot recover the balance of the rates from your husband they can hold you, as tenant, liable for the amount, and you will be obliged to pay it.

The fact that the rates were formerly demanded of your husband does not relieve you of your liability.

WHO OWNS ME?

I HAVE a three-month service agreement with my employers. In the event of the business being sold, would that period of notice still stand when the new proprietors take over?—S. Z., Sidcup, Kent.

● If the business is sold, it will be subject to the new owner taking over all agreements relating to it that have not expired.

Unless the buyer gives you notice to terminate your agreement with him you will still be employed on the same conditions as before.

ROTTING TILES

MY bungalow was completed eight years ago. Now the roof tiles are disintegrating — flaking away. The builder isn't interested, and I wrote to the firm that made the tiles, only to be told that I would have to pay for new ones. Is anyone liable?—N. F., Weymouth.

● In view of the length of time the tiles have been in use, you would have little chance of succeeding in a claim against either the vendor or the manufacturer. If you have evidence to show the defects were caused through bad manufacture, you might ask the makers to grant you some concession in the price of renewal, but you must realize that they would have no legal liability to do so.

MUST WE PAY?

MY twelve-year-old daughter was riding another child's bicycle with the other child's consent, and had a slight accident. We were not shown the machine afterwards, but we have now received a bill from her parents asking for £4 7s. 6d. to pay for repairs. The accident was in July and we didn't even know about it until January. Can we be held liable for the full amount?—H. M., Glasgow.

● You cannot be held liable for the damage done by your child to the other child's bicycle, unless she was under your control at the time and you were negligent in taking reasonable precautions to prevent the damage.

GOODBYE £40

I BOUGHT a car on hire-purchase and paid a deposit of £85. Within a few days I learned that I was to be posted overseas, and immediately wrote to the people who sold me the car, telling them and asking them to stop the deal. Unfortunately they had already sent the documents to the finance company, who have arranged to cancel the agreement, "and are prepared to forward their cheque for £45." I only had the car six days. Must I lose half the deposit?—W. B., Lincs.

● As the hire-purchase finance company has agreed to cancel your agreement to buy the car, they are entitled to claim compensation for loss of profit. The £40 they have retained would be for this, and you could not reclaim it.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **Combination dusting and polishing:** It is now possible to dust and polish furniture in one operation, using the new household wax polish called Pledge. The 6-oz. canister is pressurized, and pressure on the push button releases a wax film, which may be sprayed on to the surface or on to a duster. Continued rubbing will produce a dry, non-smear, non-oily surface. Suitable for cleaning furniture, vinyl upholstery, enamel surfaces, ceramics, stainless steel, chrome, plastic counters, table tops, wall tiles, marble, leather and wood. Priced 6s. for a 6-oz. container by the makers of Johnsons Wax.

● **Modern stair rods:** Modernize old brass stair rods by giving them a coat of matt black, leaving the shaped ends unpainted. Paint them with Johnsons matt black, obtainable from any camera shop, price approximately 2s. 6d. per bottle. (Mrs. Painter, Luton.)

● **Getting into hot water:** An unlimited supply of hot water at a constantly controlled temperature of 145 degrees is now provided by the Apollo gas water heater, the first instantaneous water heater to incorporate a thermostatic control. Designed to be connected to either main or tank water supply, it is also possible to connect the Apollo by a tee joint to an existing draw-off pipe, so boosting the water from that source to 145 deg. F. Price, including tax, £16 2s. 9d., by Main Water Heaters, Ltd., 48 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

● **Shoe savers:** Fit sections of old rubber hose split down the middle, over the upper edges of your spade. When there is heavy digging to be done this will save a lot of wear and tear on your shoes. (F. King, Doncaster.)

The Apollo heater makes hot water always available. See "Getting Into Hot Water"

● **Bathroom or bedroom bowl:** Made of laminated plastic reinforced with glass fibre, which will not chip or crack if bottles are dropped into it. Designed to fit on top of a cabinet, the dimensions are 26 in. by 20 in. by 7½ in. deep. There is a choice of ten colours. The price is £6 for the Sarenette plus £2 12s. 6d. for the taps. Cabinets may be supplied as an extra. By Sarena Sinks, Ltd., 48-50 Islington Park Street, London, N.1.

● **Glass splinter disposal:** When picking up slivers of broken glass, use a small wad of damp cotton-wool. The tiniest particles will adhere to it. (Mrs. D. J. Satchell, London, E.10.)

The prices mentioned in this issue take into account the Budget reductions in purchase tax.

* * *

If you have a trouble-saving household tip for this column, send it in to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL and EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.

HUGE NEW 6-in-1 CAR -plus- CASH PRIZE £2,000

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100 21s. PRESENTATION PARCELS

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FUN WITH WORDS—OVER 8,000 PRIZES and GIFTS!

Head for the Open Road this summer with Bullets great new 6-in-1 "Happy Motoring" Prize! A few well-chosen words on your coupon below can win *you* that super £624.9s.0d. Standard Family Saloon plus *five* thrilling extras.

That car can be *yours* with petrol for 10,000 miles of fun . . . with radio music, news and sport wherever you go . . . with a family picnic outfit . . . with £150 cash for a carefree motoring holiday this summer!

Bullets is good fun—and you can make your "Happy Motoring" winner *anywhere*. That happy young couple on the right, for instance, are reading the Joy Wire which recently brought news of their £750 Bullets success—for a winner Mr. J. L. Carnie (Edinburgh) made in his *bath*!

YOU NEXT for a CAR?

Where *you* make your Bullets doesn't matter—but be sure to post your coupon below by Monday, May 11.

WAY TO WIN

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners on this page. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet for your coupon waiting at foot of page.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any EXAMPLE

Sunnier Britain
To Live In Peace
Domestic Earthquake
What They'll Invent Next
Nation Of Cricketers
Hardest Hit
The East-West Gulf

Appalling
Flower Of Freedom
It May Be Far Off, But
Out In The Car
If We All Help
Mountains Of Coal
The Old Steam Radio
In Dashed The Hero And
A Bit Too Cocksure
Flag Of Surrender
An Empty Shell
Safe As Houses
What Is Work?

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 1s. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated June 6), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 23, for early news of Bullets No. 2,191 First Prize Award.)

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual.

How The.....Began
To Preserve.....
Compared With.....
The Day She.....
By-passed The.....
Pushing ..... Around

● ADDRESS ENTRY: Bullets 2,191, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99 ●

LATEST WINNERS – BULLETS 2,186

£700 plus Swiss Holiday, or £750 lump sum: Mrs. M. S. Gray, 16 Ruthven Street, Glasgow:

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